THE TWINS IN FRUITLAND

GLADYS JAY

Ferne Crispin
from
Bernice Kathryn
1930

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The Story in the Woods

THE TWINS IN FRUITLAND

BY

GLADYS JAY

Illustrated by

LUDWIG AND REGINA

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THE TWINS IN FRUITLAND

MEET THE TWINS

Jerry and Jenny Lancaster were twins. In the birth certificates their names were recorded as Gerald and Josephine Lancaster, but their mother declared that she could never say those two long names all in one breath about a hundred times a day. So Jerry and Jenny they became, and everyone was suited — even Grandma.

The children had a holiday and their mother had promised them a picnic. This was Jerry's first outing after a long illness.

"Won't it be fun!" he laughed, as he helped Jenny pack sandwiches in Mother's best wicker picnic basket. "My! that lemonade looks good!"

The lunch was soon all tucked away, and the lid of the basket closed down.

They scampered away upstairs. Mother was just putting on her hat.

"Oh!" Jerry sniffed. "What's that, Mother?"

Mrs. Lancaster laughed.

"Trust you to discover things," she said gaily. "That, Sir Pokey Nose, is my perfume."

"Smells nice. Couldn't we have just a teeny, weeny drop of it, to make us smell nice?" questioned Jerry.

"Come, my little Beau Brummel," his mother laughed. "When did you acquire your vanity?"

She gave each a tiny drop on their handkerchiefs as she spoke.

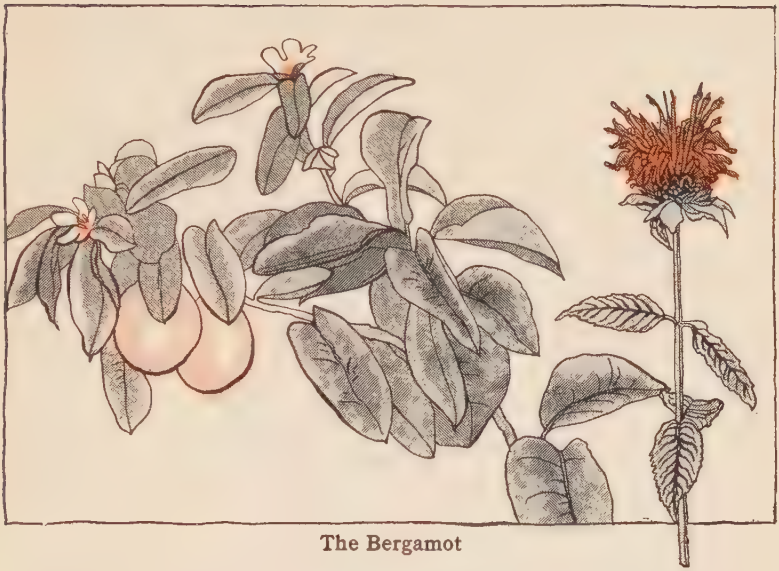
"What kind is it?" questioned Jenny, her nose buried deep in her handkerchief.

"It is oil of bergamot," replied her mother. Then she added, "A bergamot is a fruit."

"Oh!" said Jerry.

"Do tell us more about it," cried Jenny eagerly.

Mother looked at her watch. "We must leave now. Maybe I can tell you while we walk to the car line."



The Bergamot

When they were well on their way she went on.

"The bergamot is a small fruit shaped a little like a pear. It grows on a low, evergreen tree, and the leaves and flowers look somewhat like those of a bitter orange. The bergamot has a smooth rind, the color of a lemon. It belongs to the same family as the orange and the lemon, in fact, the citrus family.

"It is from the rind that the greenish yellow oil is pressed which is made into perfume. The fruit is grown for the perfume.

"The bergamot tree is grown in Calabria, Italy, and also in France.

"The name bergamot has been given to certain kinds of pears. There are also several fragrant mint plants that go by the same name."

"Here's the car, Mother," interrupted Jerry.

They were soon safely seated in the car, and the conductor smiled pleasantly upon the twins as they placed the picnic basket between them.

"Was the story finished?" questioned Jerry anxiously, hoping it was not.

"Yes, that one was," answered their mother. "Perhaps I will tell you another one when we get to the woods."

THE STORY IN THE WOODS

"Let us sit here," suggested their mother, when they arrived at the woods.

The twins spread out the rug that Mother had brought from the house. A light rain had fallen the day before, leaving the ground damp, so Mother had taken this precaution to insure their safety from colds.

"Wouldn't you like to play hide-and-seek, or some game?" questioned Mother, thinking of the new book snuggled in with the lunch, which she had brought along to read.

"But, Mother, did you forget?" whispered Jenny eagerly.

"The story," added Jerry.

Mother swallowed a tiny little sigh, but asked kindly: "Well, what shall it be about—tigers or adventures? Or shall I tell you another fruit story?"

"Yes, yes," they bubbled excitedly. "Tell us another fruit story."

"Oranges," cried Jenny, thinking of the stacks of oranges in the fruit dealer's window. "Tell us about oranges."

"Well," began Mother, "you know what oranges look like. Their rich color is known and admired everywhere and the juicy fruit that lies within the peel is delicious. Ripe oranges often have a delightful fragrance. I wonder—" she reached for the lunch basket and peeped into it.

"Oh, there are some oranges in there, Mother," cried Jenny. "I saw you tuck them in."

Mother laughed.

"Trust Bright Eyes to watch," she said.

She took two oranges from the basket as she spoke. She gave one to each of the twins.

"Notice how the peel comes off," she said, as the twins began to prepare the fruit for eating.

"Mine comes off easily," remarked Jerry, pulling the peel away quickly.

"Mine doesn't," said Jenny. "It is hard to get it off."

"There you have two varieties," said Mother.

Oranges

"The kind Jerry has, with the loose skin, is sometimes called the 'kid-glove' orange. There are many kinds of oranges."

"Yes," said Jerry, "some oranges have seeds in them, and others do not."

"The California navel oranges are seedless," said Mother. "And some kinds are sweet, others tart. And then there are bronze-colored oranges grown in Florida, called russet oranges."

"I thought most of the oranges came from California," said Jenny.

"It is true that California leads all the states in the growth of oranges," Mother replied.

"California oranges are in the market the year round. But the first oranges grown in our country were planted in Florida by the Spaniards. That was fifty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and Florida still supplies our markets with delicious, sweet oranges, mostly of the russet type. The season for Florida oranges is from October to June."

"Do they grow anywhere else besides Florida and California?" asked Jenny.

"They are now grown in many of our southern states," said her mother. "They are found also in other warm countries. The West Indies and the Azores produce oranges. They grow also in Italy and Spain and the countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea."

"That would be in Europe and Asia and Africa," remarked Jerry thoughtfully.

"Yes," replied his mother. "And in China and the Holy Land too. Oranges are native to China and Burma. It must be a hot climate for oranges to thrive, for they do not stand frost. If you were to visit an orange grove in

California you might see black, charred spots on the ground where bonfires had been built to keep the fruit from being frost-bitten during the cold season."

"Bonfires?" asked Jerry eagerly. "Do they have bonfires in orange groves? I'd like to see an orange grove."

"Tell us about orange groves, Mother," said Jenny, who also was listening intently.

"If you were to visit an orange grove you would see beautiful trees set out in rows, carefully tended to keep them from weeds and insects. In California and other dry climates, you would see irrigation canals to supply water to the growing crops."

"Do oranges grow on trees, Mother?" asked Jenny.

"They grow on evergreen trees," replied her mother, as she gathered the peelings into a piece of tissue paper and placed them in the basket.

"Orange trees may reach a height of thirty feet and the branches hang low. The leaves are

long and pointed, and oval in shape. They are glossy and dark green in color. The flowers are lovely and fill the air with fragrance."

"Aunty wore orange blossoms, didn't she?" questioned Jenny, who had only recently been present at a wedding and remembered the clusters of white flowers, with their five waxy petals.

"Yes, dear," replied Mother. "Orange blossoms are the bride's own flower, because of their exquisite beauty and sweetness."

"Aw, tell us about orange groves," put in Jerry, who was not interested in brides or weddings.

His mother smiled at the boy's impatience, as she went on with the story.

"A remarkable thing about the orange tree is that it may carry leaves, flowers and fruit at the same time, all on the same tree. The flowers grow singly or in clusters. The orange blossom is the state flower of Florida.

"Full grown trees in the orange groves sometimes yield several hundred oranges a year. The

fruit must be cut carefully from the tree. If they were picked like apples the stem might come out and leave a hole in the fruit and cause it to rot. Then the oranges must be handled gently to keep them from being bruised or the skins broken. After the fruit has been cut from the trees, the skins are washed and scrubbed with brushes. They are then graded as to size by putting them through machines made for the purpose.

"This sorting and washing are done in a shed by men and women and boys and girls working together.

"In another shed women and girls wrap the fruit in tissue paper, stamped with the name of the orchard."

"We had some red oranges one day for lunch," said Jenny.

"Yes," said her mother. "They are called blood oranges. The little Mandarin oranges you saw at the fruit store came from China."

Jerry yawned as his mother finished speaking.

"One thing more," she said, with a smile.

"It will surprise you, too. The orange is really a berry, botanists tell us."

"A berry, like strawberries and raspberries?" cried Jerry.

"It is called a berry because it carries the seeds within the fruit," said his mother.

She reached for her book.

"Lie down on the rug and take a nap," she said.

The twins, seeing she meant to read, obeyed her.

IN DESERT LANDS

"Will you tell us a story, Mother?" The twins snuggled close up to their mother, their eager faces turned up to hers.

Mother idly turned the pages of Jerry's new story-book before replying.

"Oh, what is that?" Jerry pointed excitedly to a picture just disclosed as Mother turned a page.

"That is an Arab," replied their mother.

"And what's he got that towel on his head for?" asked Jerry curiously.

Mrs. Lancaster smiled.

"That's his headdress, dearie," she said, "not a towel. In the country where the Arab lives it is very, very hot, so that he must wear something to shield his head from the sun. In the desert there is nothing but sand for miles and miles, with nothing growing in sight. The Arabs ride upon camels, stopping only at an oasis for food and rest."

"An oasis, Mother?" inquired Jenny.

"Yes, dear. An oasis is a little plot of grass and trees in the desert where springs supply water to make the green things grow. Here in these watered regions the natives often build villages. Date-palms that flourish there afford shade for fig and almond trees to grow at their feet."

"Do you mean the kind of dates that Uncle John sends us?" questioned the twins.

"Just the same, only much fresher, of course," answered their mother. "And of a pale golden color when they ripen on the tree. When dried they are russet or brown."

"Look, is that a date-palm?" queried Jerry curiously, pointing to the picture which had first inspired the story.

His mother nodded.

"Yes," she said. "They are tall, straight trees, growing from fifty to one hundred feet in height. They live for a hundred years—sometimes two hundred years, and they bear fruit when six to eight years old. The dry heat of

Gathering Dates

the desert, with the moisture in the subsoil from underground springs, makes the best condition for them.

"No leaves grow on the sides of the trunk, but near the top they shoot out like a fan and here hang the great, golden bunches of fruit.

These leaves of the palm have been used in religious services of many nations since earliest times."

"And the palm-leaf fan," said Jenny. "Is that made of the leaves of this tree?"

"Yes," her mother replied. "The people of the desert use dates in many ways. The fruit is their main food—it has been called 'the bread of the desert.' It takes the place of wheat, corn and many other articles of food we have to eat, in the diet of the people of those southern countries of the old world. It is more nutritious than beef.

"The green fruit is used to make vinegar. The seeds are roasted and ground up to make a drink like coffee. The bud on the top of the tree is cut off and eaten when the tree falls. It is a vegetable something like cabbage."

"I could eat a whole bunch of dates," declared Jerry.

"Why, you'd turn into a date-palm," laughed Jenny.

"Travelers over the desert often have nothing

but bundles of dates on the backs of their camels, because they cannot carry much food with them," said Mother.

"A single bunch sometimes contains as many as two hundred dates," she continued, smiling at Jerry, as she resumed her story. "A good date tree may bear one hundred to two hundred pounds of fruit. This yield in the wild state can be increased by cultivation to four hundred to six hundred pounds. The dates are borne in clusters weighing ten to forty pounds, directly underneath the leaf cluster, of various qualities and shapes.

"A beverage is sometimes made from the dates by fermentation. The wood of the trunk and other parts of the trees are used for fuel and for fencing; the leaves are made into baskets and matting; the stringy portions, called fibers, are made into rope; the buds and young leaves are eaten by the natives as a vegetable, and even the stones are utilized. These are rolled and used as 'date coffee,' or sometimes the oil is extracted from them. Even the crushed stones

that have yielded their oil are ground into food for cattle. So that no part of the tree is wasted."

"Where do the dates we eat come from?" asked Jerry.

"They are shipped from the desert lands and the hot countries where they grow along the banks of streams," said his mother. "They are packed in wooden boxes and in bags of matting in the dry state. If left on the tree after they ripen, they will dry out in the hot atmosphere of the desert in a few days. These dry dates pack more easily than the moist ones and they are in better condition for shipping. The people of the desert villages like the dry dates and carry them for food when they travel. They make a meal on the fruit alone.

"Then there are the sweet varieties of dates, that are soft and still moist when cured. They are more than half sugar. The natives make a preserve out of them which they call date honey."

"Where are these deserts?" asked Jenny.

"We are talking of the deserts of Sahara in Africa and of Mesopotamia in Asia, the source of the date-palm. But dates are now grown in the hot, dry sections of some of our western states, such as California and Arizona. In the valleys and basins and where there is irrigation, the climate and condition may be a good deal like that of the desert regions of the old world where dates are grown."

Mother paused for breath. The twins, their curiosity on this picture satisfied, turned over to the next page in search of new adventure.

THE STORY OF FIGS

Jerry and Jenny were lying before the fire, drinking in with eager eyes the "Tales of Adventure," a book Uncle John had given Jerry for his last birthday, when their mother entered to call them to lunch.

"What's that, Mother?" they questioned with their ever-ready curiosity, noticing that she held a paper bag half concealed behind her. Their mother smiled mysteriously, but the twins rushed upon her and soon the contents of the bag were revealed.

"Figs!" they shouted joyfully.

"Uncle John sent them for you," their mother explained, still smiling. Uncle John was their favorite chum, and they were his favorite niece and nephew, so that some trifle was always finding its way from him to them.

"May we eat them now?" they pleaded eagerly.

"Not now, children," answered Mother.

The Story of Figs

"Come along to lunch. Perhaps afterward I will tell you something of their history, that you may enjoy them more."

"Oh, a story, a story!" cried Jerry in excite-

ment, hugging his mother, and then running back to move the "Tales of Adventure" which he had left too near the fire.

The twins were soon busy with the heaping pile of bread and butter which Mother had spread thick with brown sugar.

"Where do figs grow?" questioned Jerry, unable to wait till the meal was finished. He sipped his milk rapidly, as though to hasten his mother's reply.

"Not so quickly," she said. "Finish your milk slowly, and then we will go into the library again. It is chilly here."

Jerry obeyed somewhat reluctantly. But the meal was soon over, and the twins established once more in their favorite position before the fire. Mother drew her chair up close and began.

"Figs are ancient fruit," she said. "Every family in olden times was supposed to cultivate at least a few fig trees. From this custom arose the expression 'under his own vine and fig tree,' which means, 'in his own house.'

"You have seen this fruit before, and know

that it is a dried fig," she said, as she took one from the bag.

"In the fresh state figs look very different from the dried figs of our markets. For one thing they are different in color. Some are green, some red, some purple, others yellow and still others dark, almost black. For there are more than a hundred varieties of figs. Fig trees grow from fifteen to twenty feet high. The leaves are large and deeply indented. The ripe fruit is pear-shaped.

"You learned about the oasis in the desert the other day," said Mother, "when we were talking about dates. Figs also are among the fruits found in the oasis, for figs require a hot climate. Figs are grown in fact in the regions that border the Mediterranean Sea, where the climate is hot and dry, but they must have moisture. Can you name some of these countries, Jerry?"

Jerry's eyes were watching the leaping flames, but he began to think of the map in his geography showing the great sea.

"There are Italy and Greece," he began

slowly, trying to remember the list of names.

"O Jerry!" exclaimed Jenny. "Don't you remember? We had that for home work once."

"Can you name them?" her mother asked.

"Yes, Mother," Jenny replied. "Italy, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, northern Africa and parts of Asia."

"That is good," assented Mother. "You know now where the countries are in the Old World where figs come from. The most delicious figs come from Smyrna, in Asia Minor. Figs are shipped all over the world from Smyrna."

"Did these figs come from Smyrna?" asked Jerry.

"Yes," said Mother, "these are Smyrna figs. But they are dried figs, you know, as are all the figs we eat raw. We have figs in syrup also from the southern states. From Texas we get Magnolia figs, and from other states the variety called Celestial.

"The fig does not develop from a flower, but contains the flowers in itself, where they are crowded thickly on its inner surface.

"Figs must be 'dead ripe' before they are picked. They are laid out on boards in the sun to dry. Then they are packed in boxes for shipping."

Jerry tried hard to swallow a yawn, but could not.

"Come, children, I was forgetting the time. See, it is past nine o'clock."

"But isn't there some more story?" pleaded the twins.

"No, my story is finished. If you are good children I will tell you another story to-morrow night."

"May we finish the figs now, Mother?"

Mother peered into the bag and then smiled.

"You have finished them. See, the bag is quite empty."

"Oh, let me blow it," begged Jerry.

Bang! went the bag—

And then the twins went to bed.

WHAT THE FRUIT DEALER SAID

It was while they were passing Jerry's favorite fruit store one day that the twins tugged tightly at their mother's hand.

"What's that, Mother?" they cried in chorus, pointing to a yellow object in the window.

"Which do you mean?" asked Mother, looking rather puzzled as a display of fruits from all over the world met her gaze.

"That yellow ball in the corner," they again chorused excitedly.

Mother shook her head.

"I don't know," she said. "Let us go in and ask the fruit dealer."

The fruit seller was very kind, and obligingly answered all their questions.

"It's a breadfruit," he replied to their first query. "It is seldom seen on this side of the ocean, as it does not stand shipping very well."

"Where does it come from, then?" interrupted Jerry impatiently.

"Breadfruit is one of the most important

The Fruit Store Window

fruit staples of the tropical islands in the Pacific Ocean. Breadfruit has been grown in southern Florida, but not in great quantity."

"Does breadfruit grow on a bush like currants, or on the ground like strawberries, or how?" asked Jerry.

"Neither, my little man," smiled the fruit dealer.

"Breadfruit is a sweet, starchy fruit that grows on a tropical tree. In shape, as you see, it is oval round, we might say. In the best varieties it is seedless. It has a thick, greenish rind. The fruit is usually gathered before it is fully

ripe, as the flavor is much better at that stage."

"What kind of a tree does it grow on?" asked Jerry.

"Breadfruit grows on a beautiful tree that reaches a height of thirty to sixty feet. There are no limbs at all on the lower trunk, but it has widely spreading upper branches. The leaves are large, often a foot in length. They are dark green and glossy, and deeply indented.

"The fruit keeps on growing through the year in the warm climates where it is found, so that there is a constant supply of it in every season.

"In the first stage of growth it is green, but as it ripens it turns brown and at last this yellow color that you see. It is about eight inches in diameter, and it grows in clusters of two or three.

"The natives do not usually pick the fruit until they are ready to use it, and then it may be eaten immediately. It may also be baked, and this is done in an underground pit. It is usually eaten with sauces and sometimes it is ground into paste or flour, for future use. If

it is kept very long, it is quite apt to ferment.

"The part that is good to eat is between the skin and the core. It tastes a little like fresh bread. The natives also make a very good pudding by mixing it with coconut milk.

"The inner bark of the breadfruit tree," he continued, "is used to make cloth. The wood, when dressed, looks something like mahogany, and is used in building boats and for furniture."

"Is that all?" questioned Jerry, as the man turned to wait on a customer.

"Perhaps you will let them come again," said the mother, when the fruit dealer returned to them. "They enjoy your stories very much."

The twins pointed to a bunch of bananas that hung in the window. "Will you tell us about these next time?" they asked eagerly.

"Yes, if you can come to-morrow," their friend replied.

Having obtained their mother's promise to let them come, they thanked the fruit dealer again, and danced home to tell their father the story of the breadfruit.

THE NEXT MORNING

The following day found the twins rushing through the processes of dressing and eating their breakfast. This was apt to be a tardy period of the day with them, but Mother had promised that they might go to the seller of fruits, and they were anxious to hear his wonderful story about the bananas.

"I hope he won't have many customers," said Jerry, as he stood impatiently waiting for Jenny to button up her boots. One of the buttons came off, as she pulled hurriedly at them, and Jerry had a hard time to curb his impatience while Mother sewed it on.

"You should not make such a wish," said Mother. "Without customers he could not keep the store, which he does to make his living."

"Yes, I know that," said Jerry. "Of course we want him to have plenty of customers; but we want plenty of time for the story too."

The twins hurried down the street, and were soon at the fruit store.

"Well, my little friends?" inquired the fruit dealer pleasantly.

"The bananas," said Jerry, pointing to a bunch that hung near the window. "You promised to tell us about them to-day."

"Oh, yes," replied the dealer. "Come over here and sit down." He led the way to the rear of the store, and the twins made themselves comfortable on the box that he indicated. The dealer seated himself on the only chair, placed at a vantage point where he could watch the entrance for possible customers, and began.

"The banana is another fruit that may be had all the year round. Yet it is not an ancient fruit, like some of the others we use. It was scarcely known at all in the year 1870.

"It may seem strange to think that bananas do not grow upon trees, but upon herbs or plants so tall and large that they look like trees. These plants have an underground stem that sends up sprouts called suckers that come to full growth in about two years.

"These great plants reach a height of from ten

to forty feet, although there are dwarf types only about four feet in height. The most widely known varieties average from twelve to twenty feet, with a diameter of twelve to twenty-four inches. The leaves are six to twelve feet in length, and two feet or so in width. So you may imagine that rows and rows of these banana plants form aisles, with the huge leaves making a roof overhead, as they are planted in the tropical countries where they are grown.

"The trees are somewhat like palms in appearance, but the stalk is formed in a curious way, of long leaf-shafts growing from an underground stem. The plant comes to full growth in about two years."

Jerry and Jenny were listening breathlessly.

"A plant made of leaves!" exclaimed Jerry.

"Yes, it is a strange plant," said the fruit dealer. "And it carries at the top a peculiar flower-bud or head, which is red or purple, more rarely pink or yellow. The leaves are folded closely into a thick spike. Small tubular flowers are hidden in the head which grow into—"

Each Trunk Has Only One Bunch of Bananas

"Bananas!" cried Jerry excitedly.

The fruit dealer smiled.

"Yes, bananas," he answered. "At first the great flower cluster bends downward, but as the fruits begin to grow, they turn upward."

The children were greatly surprised to find that the bananas grow upward on the stem instead of hanging down as they had thought.

"Each trunk carries only one bunch of bananas," continued the fruit seller.

"How big a bunch?" inquired Jenny.

"The bunches contain as many as fifty to a hundred bananas and they weigh from forty to one hundred pounds. That bunch," he pointed to one hanging near the window, "is hanging upside down. On the tree the narrow ends point upward. Some of the fruits have been cut from the branch, but it still holds nearly sixty, as you would find if you should count them. I have seen bunches that held nearly three hundred fruits."

"Three hundred!" echoed Jerry, his eyes round with amazement.

"That is unusual, of course," went on their kind friend. "It is only in a hot, moist climate that the banana tree grows. Bananas are grown in many tropical countries, in fact the banana is the food plant that produces most

freely of all. It is native to the East Indies, but now it is grown in many tropical countries, such as the West Indies, the Amazon valley, California and Florida. The people of the United States and Canada alone use fifty million bunches of bananas a year."

"Fifty million bunches!" exclaimed Jerry. "Whew!"

The dealer laughed. Just then a customer entered and he was forced to leave the twins for a few minutes.

"Fifty million bunches!" said Jerry again, looking at Jenny.

"You will want to know how to choose bananas," said the dealer, returning to the children. "The fruit is always cut green for shipping. It takes a week or more to ripen. It turns yellow by the time it reaches the market where it is to be sold. When fully ripe the yellow rind is speckled with brown spots. When the rind is partly brown, the fruit is over-ripe and it is not wholesome in that stage. In cutting the fruit the stem should always be left on. It

forms a natural seal to keep out dust and insects and to prevent decay.

"The banana tree or shrub is useful for something else besides its fruit," continued the story-teller after a pause. "The stalks and leaves are usually thrown away, but the fibers and leaves of some species are saved, and made into mats, bags, baskets and roofing for houses."

"Do they make bananas into bread pudding?" inquired Jerry, remembering the story of the breadfruit.

"No," replied the dealer, with his ever ready smile. "The natives eat bananas baked in hot ashes, and—" he paused to make an emphatic gesture, much to the delight of the twins, "they are delicious!"

"We're going out to Grandma's next week," said Jenny, as they rose to go home.

"I hope you'll have a good time," replied the dealer. "Come to see me when you get back."

"Will you tell us some more stories?" whispered Jerry, edging up close to him.

"Yes, if you like them," said their friend.

THE BANANA'S RELATION

"It was a lovely story," said the twins in unison. They had been very much excited over the fruit dealer's story about the banana, and could not wait until dinner was over to pour it all into their mother's sympathetic ears.

"Did he mention the papaw?" she asked.

"The papaw, Mother?" questioned the twins. Their faces expressed so much astonishment that their mother could not help laughing.

"The papaw is a relation to the banana," she explained, hugging each of the children in turn.

"Oh!" cried Jerry.

"Oh!" said Jenny.

"Oh!" mimicked Mother.

Then they all laughed.

"Oh, do tell us more before dinner," coaxed Jerry, who did not like to be kept waiting, if he thought a story was to be told.

Mother finished scalding the milk for the twins' favorite pudding, added a generous lump

of butter, put the mixture into a baking-dish and the baking-dish into the oven before replying. Then she sat down to peel some apples, and began.

"There are two fruits of this name. One grows wild in some of the northern states west of the Rockies, on a small tree. It is found as far north as Kansas and Michigan, New Jersey and western New York. The other is the fruit of a great herb or plant somewhat like a palm. It is native to southern Florida. It grows also in some of the other southern states and in tropical countries elsewhere. This palm-like plant carries its leaves in a whorl at the top of its tall stalk."

"Whorl, Mother?" asked the irrepressible Jerry. Jerry never forgot to question anything that he did not understand. Mother was always pleased with this trait in her son, but there were words that even she could not be expected to know without consulting the dictionary.

Mother laughed heartily.

The Banana-Like Papaw

"I'm caught this time, Jerry. Run and get the big red dictionary."

Three heads bent eagerly over the dictionary, when Jerry brought it. Mother soon found the word *whorl*, and read triumphantly: " 'Whorl . . . the arrangement of leaves in a circle around the stem.' "

When this had been satisfactorily explained, Jerry carried the book carefully back to its shelf and Mother continued:

"The northern papaw, or pawpaw, as it is sometimes called, is the one that belongs to the

banana, or custard-apple family. The fruit is somewhat like the banana in shape, but thicker and shorter. It may be from two to six inches in length. It is covered with a wrinkled brown skin and it has seeds inside, a half inch to an inch long. The seeds are imbedded in the pulp, which is soft and sweet, with a mildly rich flavor. For all its size the papaw is called a berry by the botanists.

"The papaw tree grows to a height of twenty to thirty feet. It is covered with a thin, fibrous back, that is, a bark made up of threads or fibres," she added as Jerry looked up questioningly. "This fibrous bark is used in making fish nets. The wood is too soft and coarse to be of much use."

"What is the other papaw like?" asked Jenny.

"The southern papaw has a fruit more like a muskmelon, with the 'musky' flavor very strong. This tropical plant belongs to the passion flower family. Some kinds of magnolias look like this southern papaw plant also. This shows

that the papaw is related to other tropical plants."

"What does it look like?" asked Jerry.

"This southern papaw is shaped like a cylinder," said his mother. "It varies in size and weight. It may be about like a small basket muskmelon, up to very large. Some specimens weigh twenty pounds. It has a smooth skin, yellow or orange. The seeds are scattered through the fruit, as they are in a melon."

"Is it good to eat?" asked Jenny.

"It is eaten as a breakfast food with sugar, lemon juice or salt and pepper, as you like it seasoned. It is also used as a dessert fruit, sliced, with cream. Then it is made into jam and pickles. The green fruit is boiled and served as a vegetable. It is a little like squash."

"The southern papaw is called the melon papaw. The flesh is like that of the muskmelon, with the 'musky' flavor very strong. It looks and tastes, in fact, like the cantaloupe.

"This melon papaw belongs to the passion

flower family. It has one property that it shares with only a few other fruits. This tropical fruit contains a milky juice in which is a ferment called vegetable pepsin. It has an action like that of the digestive fluid."

A sound of pudding sputtering in the oven sent Mother hastily to see if it was boiling over, while the twins hastened to pick up the apple peelings that she had dropped in her haste.

"Hurry, and lay the table. Dinner is just ready," Mother commanded, when the pudding was deemed safe enough to permit conversation.

For once, the twins did not argue, but started to obey, their minds meanwhile busy with the story of the banana's new relation.

OFF TO THE FARM

All was bustle and excitement—the twins were off to Grandma's for the spring and summer months. It was usually only the summer that they spent with their grandparents on the farm. But Jerry had been ill all winter, and so Mother had decided that a few extra months in the country would do both the children good, for (like Mary's little lamb) where one twin went, the other was sure to go.

The twins were up early. After a light meal, Mother hurried them away to the station to catch the train. She had promised them a real breakfast on the train, for, as Jerry said, "We must have lunch or something before we reach Grandma's." Then, too, breakfast on the train would be a novelty to them.

"What shall we have for breakfast?" asked Mother.

The small luggage was safely disposed of in a seat in the day coach, and the twins and Mother went into the dining car.

Jerry pretended to eye the menu critically. Then he handed it to his mother. "I'll take grapefruit, toast and marmalade, and coffee. Strong coffee." he said in a pompous voice, imitating his father.

Mother and Jenny laughed. The only other diner, an old gentleman seated at the next table, laughed heartily.

"Well said, little man. But perhaps Mother wouldn't approve of the coffee."

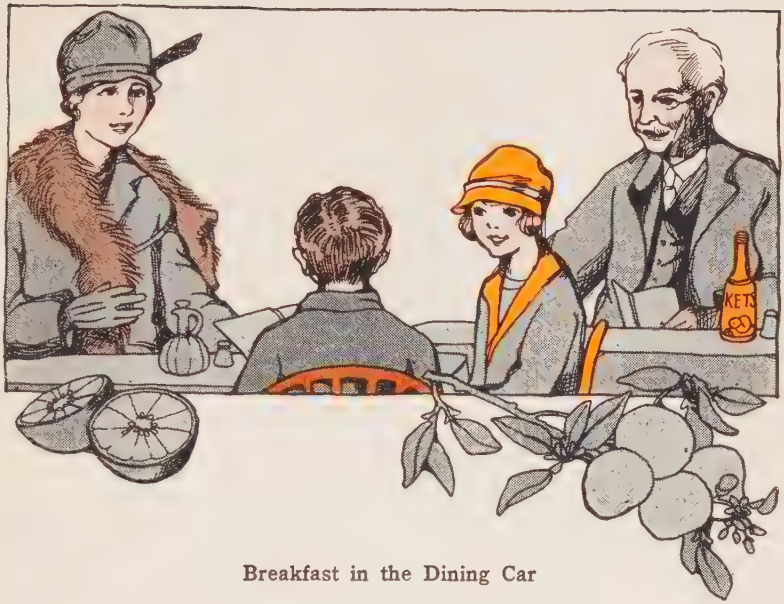
Mrs. Lancaster laughed and shook her head at Jerry.

"We'll say milk instead," she amended.

"Why, that would hardly go with grapefruit," laughed the old gentleman again. "The acid would curdle the milk."

"Curdle the milk?" Jerry was all attention at once. He had a reporter's keenness for scenting a story.

"A grapefruit is a citrus fruit, like an orange or a lemon," continued the old gentleman. "Before our modern agriculturists started experimenting, this fruit used to be much more



Breakfast in the Dining Car

bitter than it is now. The pulp is very much like that of either of the two other fruits I mentioned, but is coarser and the juice is still somewhat bitter.

"It is called a grapefruit, because it grows in clusters like a bunch of grapes. The round-topped trees grow as high as thirty feet; rarely below twenty feet. They have glossy, dark green leaves. The fruit usually measures from four to seven inches, and weighs anywhere from one

to twelve pounds. It is usually eaten with sugar and sharpens the appetite."

Jerry put down the piece of toast he was eating long enough to inquire, "Where does grapefruit come from?"

"It was first found in the Malayan and Polynesian Islands," continued their new friend. "But it is grown in many tropical climates now. It was introduced into Florida by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century.

"There are two kinds of grapefruit, the round fruits, called pomeloes, and the pear-shaped ones, called shaddocks. The shaddocks are really not used for eating. They are too sour. The natives use the juice to wash their floors with, because the odor drives away the flies."

He paused and looked at his watch. "Really, I didn't mean to tell you a story," he exclaimed, as he rose to leave the dining-car.

"I'm so glad you did, though," Jerry called after him.

Jerry awoke with a start. Jenny was shaking him vigorously.

"Come on, Lazy-bones!" she cried. "The sun will burn your eyes out."

"What's your hurry?" yawned Jerry lazily, stretching himself.

"Why, the sun is out, and there's such a lovely, blue sky!" exclaimed his twin impatiently. "We couldn't go out yesterday, you know, on account of that terrible storm."

This reminded Jerry of the good time that he had missed on the previous day. With a bound he was out of bed.

The twins ate a hurried breakfast and were soon out in the orchard playing.

After a while the sunbeams grew quite warm. The twins tired of playing and chasing one another round and round the orchard, and went to rest in the shade of a peach tree.

"The pretty blossoms will soon be out," said Jerry, looking up.

The Peach Blossoms

"There's one out already," cried Jenny excitedly, pointing to one of the lowest branches.

"Yes, I'm here first," said a little, squeaky voice.

The twins jumped. They looked up at the tree again, and there, on the branch where the lonely blossom had been, was the funniest little man all dressed in pink and white.

"Where did you come from?" chorused the twins in amazement. "And who are you?"

The little fellow laughed. "One question at a

time." He bowed politely, and swept his little green cap from his head. "I am the Peach-Blossom Fairy," he said.

"Oh! oh!" cried Jenny. "I don't believe in fairies."

Jerry whispered, "Hush!" quite sharply and Jenny stopped to listen.

"I have always lived here," the fairy continued. "But this is the first time that I have been out.

"My great, great, great grandparents, for generations back, came from Asia, and were members of the famous Rose family," he went on solemnly. "They did not mind the cold weather when they were young, as it seldom was frosty like it is in this country."

He shivered as a cool breeze blew, and drew his little pink coat closer about him. Then he continued:

"Most of their children and grandchildren are now living in the United States and Canada. There fame as a western world plant is due to the fact that the climate and soil of this country

agree with them. Also there are improved methods of culture of late years.

"The nectarine family is a first cousin of our family," he added, "though the nectarines do not wear a coat of fuzz like we do.

"The plum and the almond also are related to us.

"Sometimes peaches are grown from seeds and are kept in a house called a nursery. When they have grown into young trees, they are sold and planted in the open, where they may reach a height of from fifteen to twenty feet.

"Some peaches are called freestones and some others are called clingstones, according to the way the stone is set in the pulp."

"We had clingstone peaches for supper last night," said Jenny.

The little man smiled and waved his tiny arms about.

"You will observe that these trees bear long, slender leaves. Soon delicate, lovely, pink and white blossoms will appear. When the trees are about three years old, they begin to bear

fruit. We are coming out early this year. My brothers and sisters may be out to-morrow if the sun keeps warm. They are just ready to throw off their green covers and spring out of their beds.

"If they'd only whitewash the trees in the fall or the winter, we wouldn't come out so early. Then we wouldn't get bitten so by Jack Frost."

"I'll tell Grandpa about that," replied Jerry emphatically, as he rose to go.

Jenny was leaning over shaking him.

"O, Jerry, do wake up. Grandma has been calling us to dinner for a long time."

"Where's the fairy?" he asked, looking around.

"Oh, I dreamt about a fairy, too! Was yours a Peach-Blossom Fairy?"

"Yes," replied Jerry.

He looked up to where the first little bud was still nodding its head in the breeze.

"It was only a dream," he said.

The little bud nodded its head again.

SOME "PEACHY" RELATIONS

The twins ate their dinner in silence, each being busy with thoughts of the little man with the pink-and-white coat and pale green cap. Their grandparents had all their attention centered on a business discussion during the meal, and the unusual quietness of the twins passed unremarked.

But as soon as the dinner was cleared away, the suppressed excitement of the children broke loose.

"Whatever is the matter, Jerry and Jenny?"

inquired Grandma at last. "What are you talking about?"

The twins were soon pouring their story into her ears.

"He was a lovely fairy," said Jerry, "and so polite."

"He wore the loveliest pink-and-white coat, and a dear little green cap," added Jenny. "And he said the nectarine family was a first cousin of theirs, Grandma. What are nectarines?"

Grandma finished hanging the shining pans in a row before replying.

"Nectarines are also members of the Rose family, and very closely related to the peach. They are half peach and half almond. Their native home is in southwestern Asia. As your little fairy said, they have no fuzz, but a smooth, glossy surface. Otherwise they are very much like peaches.

"Another fruit, which somewhat resembles the peach, is the apricot. This is another member of the Rose family. It is cultivated in temperate regions like the peach and the nectarine,

but is in reality a native of Armenia, Persia and Africa.

"Apricots grow on a low tree, with heart-shaped leaves. The fruit is juicy, sweet and yellow. The apricot looks a good deal like a peach, though it is smaller. The stone of the fruit contains a bitter kernel, from which oil is extracted. The French make it into a kind of liqueur or wine, which they enjoy very much.

"The apricot is a good crop only in California in the United States; but enough are produced in this single state to supply the whole country with dried and fresh apricots. They are in season from June to August. They should weigh about a dozen to the pound.

"The apricot is grown in many parts of the world, however, in the date oases of the Sahara desert, in northern India, in Thibet and in western China."

The clock in the kitchen chimed four, as Grandma finished speaking.

"Good gracious, children! Four o'clock! Why, how the time has flown! I promised to

make Grandpa some Johnnycake for supper."

She jumped up as she spoke and bustled into the house. Supper was always at five o'clock, and preparations were soon under way.

"I love Johnnycake," said Jerry, artfully watching the pan as it slid into the oven.

"So do I," added Jenny, as Grandma pushed the mixing bowl across the table.

Supper was ready by five o'clock, and the twins raced each other to the barn to call their grandfather.

"Do hurry," said Jenny impetuously.

"There's Johnnycake," Jerry whispered, pulling at his hand.

So Grandpa hastened.

OUR BEST-KNOWN FRIEND

Grandma sent the twins, the next morning, to the mail box, which swung on the post by the gate. Jerry liked to lean on the gate and listen to it as it creaked back and forth in the wind. To-day they met the postman, and he, good-natured fellow that he was, handed the letters and papers to Jerry with a cheery, "How d'you like the country, Buster?"

Jerry smiled. "Very well, thank you," he answered politely.

" 'An apple a day
Keeps the doctor away.' "

read Grandma, from one of the pamphlets that Jerry handed her with the letters. "So it does. Apples are one of the most nutritious fruits, and a wonderful blood tonic. The apple is one of the oldest, most highly esteemed, and most valuable of our hardy fruits. It has been cultivated from ancient times in southwestern Asia and southeastern Europe."

The twins were listening eagerly as usual.

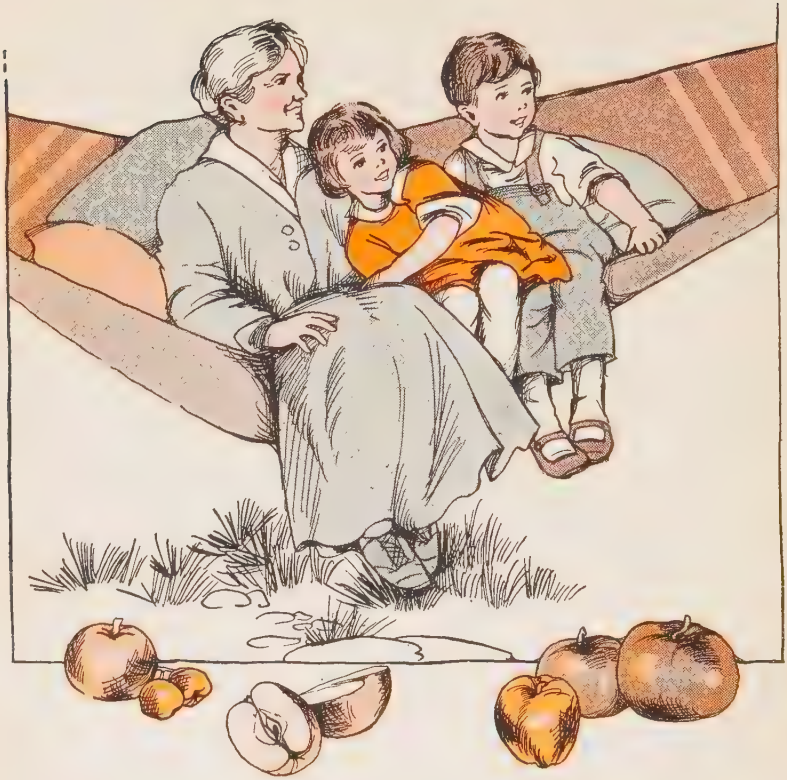
"Let's sit in the hammock," Grandma suggested, "and I will tell you something of the history of the apple."

Grandma knew well Jerry's weakness for stories and encouraged it.

"Oh, how lovely!" he cried, springing up to carry Grandma's cushion to the hammock, which was swung under shady trees at the side of the house.

"The ancient Greeks and Romans had many varieties of apples," continued Grandma, settling herself comfortably among the cushions. "It is said that the Romans introduced apples into Britain at the time of the Roman conquest, but many people believe that they grew there even before that. It is true that the Romans may have brought some of their favorite kinds, but the early Britons used and liked the apple both for fruit and beverage. The beverage was the juice, which they pressed out and made into cider.

"At any rate, one variety of apple, the Pear-



The Story about Apples

main, dates back to the year 1200; The Golden Pippin was famous during the reign of King Henry VIII.

"In the old days in England there was an apple called the Costard. It is in fact the first

kind of apple mentioned in the early records. Large crops of this apple were grown in the thirteenth century. The name *coster-monger*, which we give to people who go about the streets and alleys selling fruits and vegetables, comes from the name of this variety of apples. This is because in those early times people who sold apples were called *coster-mongers*.

"In the early days American colonists, going from the eastern settlements to the western frontier, planted apples everywhere. Johnny Appleseed was the nickname given to a man who is remembered for his zeal in planting apples. He went about Ohio and Pennsylvania on this mission. Many orchards in these states have grown from seeds of his planting. The people felt that he did a good work in encouraging the cultivation of this fruit.

"Some varieties of apples will keep for a full year; some others even for two years. You know how grandfather always keeps boxes of apples in the cellar and how you enjoy eating them when you go there in the fall and winter."

Both the twins nodded eagerly. Grandma went on:

"At the present time the United States of America is the greatest apple-growing country in the world, producing about two hundred million bushels a year."

"What a lot of apples!" exclaimed Jerry.

Grandma smiled.

"The apple is rapidly becoming the chief fruit of Canada, also," she went on. "There is no need for me to describe the tree, its blossoms and fruit. Here they are," looking up, "the trees in blossom right before you."

The three admired the scene silently: the straight trees with their rounded tops and spreading branches; the shiny, oval, bright green leaves; the exquisite, white and pink blossoms.

"There are hundreds of varieties of the fruit and each variety differs in taste, shape, size and color," added Grandma. "But most varieties are smooth-skinned and juicy, with a solid pulp centered with a core containing hard, horny seed cells, and oval, brownish seeds."

"I love Uncle Henry's orchard," broke in Jenny somewhat irrelevantly.

Grandma laughed good-naturedly.

"Yes, it is very pretty in the spring. But that is about all the trees are useful for. Your uncle cannot expect a bumper crop of fruit from his gnarled, old, picturesque trees. Apple trees require proper cultivation, and planting in rows from thirty to forty feet apart."

"They make dandy hide-and-seek places," sighed Jenny, busy with happy memories.

"If you were to visit an apple orchard you might see the growers starting the little green shoots that are to grow into great apple trees, from tiny seeds. When these little shoots have pushed their way through the soil up into the air, the growers cut slits in their bark and slip buds from hardy trees of the type they wish to grow, into the slits. Then they tie the bark tightly around the bud and seal it in with wax. The bud soon sprouts and the shoots that grow from the tree are all trimmed away, so that the apples will be of the variety of the strange bud.

"Apple trees begin to bear at five years. They have to be trimmed and sprayed to keep them healthy and free from insect pests.

"Apples that fall from the tree are called windfalls and are used for drying, canning or for making cider. The apples shipped are always picked from the tree and handled carefully. They are of different colors. Some are green when ripe, others are red or yellow."

The distant sound of "Whoa!" made Grandma jump hastily from her seat among the cushions.

"Good gracious, children!" she exclaimed. "There's Grandpa home from the field. I must go and get supper ready."

"Oh dear," signed Jerry. "Grandma never finishes her stories."

"Give me a swing," answered Jenny lazily, cuddling herself down among the cushions in the hammock.

GRANDMA TELLS A STORY

It was the day following Grandma's story about the apple, that the twins came home from the south pasture laden with branches.

"See what we found, Grandma!" called Jerry triumphantly, as he neared the kitchen door, and waved the delicate wild bloom aloft.

"Isn't it lovely?" questioned Jenny, dancing around her twin excitedly.

"Wild crabapple, sure enough," said Grandma, coming to the door and sniffing the spicy fragrance. "Where did you find it?"

"Down in a corner by the fence, in the south pasture," answered Jerry, as he handed the blossoms to his Grandma to put in water.

"What kind of tree was it?" questioned Grandma, as she took the branches of deep rose, white and pink blossoms, and sniffed again their delicious, spicy odor.

"It was a fairly tall tree," answered Jenny.

"Tall!" repeated Jerry scornfully. "Just like

Crabapples and Crabapple Blossoms

a girl! It was a low tree, Grandma, more like a bush."

Jenny did not answer back, but looked as though she was not very well pleased.

"It is a wild crabapple. It grows twenty to thirty feet high," said Grandma. "It is not a tall tree."

"The bark is reddish-brown with scales on it," Jerry rushed on to explain, proud of himself for being observant.

"Yes, the bark is scaly and angular," answered Grandma. "There are thorns on the twigs, you would notice, and the leaves are sharp-toothed, too, but blunt or dull-pointed. The leaves are three or four inches long."

"Yes," broke in Jenny, eager to restore herself to favor once again in her brother's eyes. "But they are soft as velvet on the under side."

"Yes," Granny smiled. "The wild tree is not worth a great deal, however, except for its beauty. Its wood is made into tool handles. The cultivated crabapple is more useful because the fruit can be used."

"Isn't crab a funny name for an apple?" laughed Jenny suddenly.

"The fruit really gave it that name, by its puckery feeling in the mouth, and hard, sour taste," said Grandma. "It is not good raw."

"Crabapples make delicious jelly, though," said Jenny.

Jerry looked up. He remembered the glasses of crabapple jelly that Grandma sent him when he was sick.

"They do," he laughed joyfully.

Grandma rose hastily from the step where she was sitting, as the smell of baking bread floated out through the open door. "Sometimes you will find mistletoe growing on wild crabtrees," she said, with a twinkle in her eye. "You run along and have another look at it while I take my bread out of the oven. There'll be a fresh currant bun and a glass of milk waiting for you when you come back."

She entered the kitchen to finish her baking. The twins started on a race to the south pasture.

Their faces beamed with happiness when they came back. "Grandpa showed us the mistletoe," said Jenny. "It has lots of green leaves and tiny yellow flowers."

"Yes," said Grandma. "And after the flowers there are white berries that the birds like to eat. And you know about the mistletoe hung at Christmas time and the kissing under it."

"It isn't."

Jerry planted his small feet sturdily on the ground, threw back his head, folded his arms behind his back and gazed scornfully at his sister. Poor Jenny was always in the wrong. "It isn't a crabapple tree," he repeated scornfully.

"Well, Granny said—" began Jenny hotly.

A pleasant voice cut short her sentence. It was their grandfather, who, seeing Jerry's defiant attitude, as he was passing across the field, came closer to find out the cause of the trouble.

"What did Granny say?" Grandfather asked pleasantly.

"Granny said we would find another wild crabapple tree in this field, and Jerry says this isn't one," Jenny exclaimed, with a little pout.

Her grandfather laughed.

"So that was the argument, eh?" he replied. "No, this isn't a wild crabapple tree. It's a chokecherry."

"A chokecherry!" exclaimed Jerry, his curiosity overcoming his anger. "Will it choke you?"

Their grandfather laughed aloud at this. Then he answered, "People say that if you eat the small, bitter puckery fruit that grows on this tree and then drink milk, it will choke you. But don't try it," he added hastily, remembering Jerry's love for an experiment.

"Aren't they like the other cherries?" asked Jenny, who had been hopping around on first one foot and then the other while her grandfather was talking.

"The birds like one kind as well as the other, but you would not," he answered. "The wild ones make very good wine for humans, too, and the cultivated ones make nice canned fruit. The leaves of the chokecherry are broader and the odor is not very pleasant.

"You'll find a cultivated cherry tree in bloom down in the south corner of the orchard, if you look as you go back. It is a beautiful little tree, with its white blossoms, dark green leaves,

The Twins Learn about the Chokecherry

and smooth, brown bark. The cherry blossom is the national emblem of Japan, and the beauty of a cherry orchard in bloom in that country has often been the theme of a song or story.

"In July, the small, plumlike fruit of bright

or light red, or purple-black shows up against the leaves, and the birds hold many a picnic among their branches, picking the sour as well as the sweet varieties. When picked by humans, they have to be handled carefully, as they bruise easily and cannot be shipped long distances.

"The cherry is an ancient fruit. We read that it came to Europe from Asia sixty-eight years before Christ, and was introduced into Great Britain twenty-six years after. Eight varieties were known to the Romans, but there are many, many more now.

"The fruit is not the only part of the tree that is useful. The wood, especially of the black varieties, is fine grained and beautiful, and is used in making furniture."

He paused. "I think that is all I can tell you about the cherry. And now, instead of arguing any more, run and take a look at the cherry tree in the south corner of the orchard."

JENNY RENEWS AN ACQUAINTANCE

"If you are very good," said Granny, with emphasis on the very, "I will take you to visit the little girl you used to play with last summer."

"Oh! How lovely!" exclaimed Jenny, dancing up and down. "Do you mean Connie? When can we go?"

The questions fairly tumbled over each other. as Jenny kept up her lively little jig, first on one foot, then the other.

Granny's eyes sparkled in reflection of Jenny's excitement.

"We'll go to-morrow afternoon, if it doesn't rain," she answered.

The twins ran off to play, but kept anxiously watching the sky for the signs that their grandpa told them meant a fine day on the morrow.

"It isn't going to rain," Jenny told her grandmother when she went to kiss her good night. But the early morning was cloudy, and Jenny nearly dissolved into tears at the sight of

it. By noon, however, the clouds began to lift and part, and soon the sun came streaming brightly through.

As soon as dinner was over, Grandpa hitched Black Bess to the best buggy. Grandmother and the twins jumped in and with a "Giddap," to the mare, the trio went jogging along down the lane.

The air was crisp and cool, and the road stretched like a broad band of ribbon before them. On either side it was lined with cool green grass, and hedges where the purple of the lilac was just beginning to peep through. It was a day to make one glad to be alive.

The twins were enthusiastic. They chatted merrily about the beauty ahead, for they had been taught to appreciate the glories of nature.

"That is the house," said their grandmother, pointing to a low, rambling farmhouse partly hidden in a grove of white blossoms, some distance ahead.

"See all the apple trees!" cried Jerry excitedly.

"Wait till you do see them," laughed his grandmother mysteriously.

After the greetings were over, and Jenny wandered off with Connie to tell and hear a year's secrets, Grandma took Jerry to a hammock under the trees.

"But they are not apple trees," said Jerry, looking up at the blossoms.

Granny smiled.

"No, they are pear trees, dear."

"At a distance pear and apple trees look much alike, but that is not strange, because pears are like apples in many ways. They belong to the same family—the Rose—and are cultivated in much the same manner. The pear tree, however, is harder to grow than the apple."

"I like pears better than apples," said Jenny.

"Pears are more juicy than apples, and they have a more mellow flavor," said Grandma. "The pear is cone-shaped, while the apple is round. Both have a core with seeds. The main difference between the two is that there are woody fibers in the pulp of the pear not

found in the apple. These woody fibers make the gritty substance you notice when eating the pear."

She stopped speaking and broke off a spray of blossoms that hung down.

"I love its long, oval leaves and delicately tinted, cream-white blossoms even more than apple blossoms," she said.

"So do I," said Jenny. "They are lovely!"

"Pears are the fourth orchard fruit in importance in the United States," she went on, noticing that Jerry stood waiting expectantly for more. "The fruit is native to Great Britain, temperate zones of Europe and western Asia, but it has found this climate agreeable."

"Pears like our climate," laughed Jerry.

"Pears are found in every state in the Union," nodded Grandma. "Canada also produces large crops of pears and exports many to Great Britain. Pears do not keep so well as apples, but some varieties keep better than others."

"Mother kept pears in winter," said Jenny.

"Yes," replied Grandma. "They were winter

There Are Many Varieties of Pears

pears. They are called Nelis, and they will keep three or four months. But they are hard to find, for not many are grown. And pears, unlike other fruits, improve by indoor ripening."

"We had some Bartlett pears the other day," said Jerry.

"Bartlett pears are perhaps the best of all pears grown for the markets," said Grandma. "The Kieffer is a good pear. It may be yellow, russet or brown. The Seckel is an American variety. It is small and thick-skinned."

"For packing, the fruits are picked before they

are really ripe, and packed in boxes or stored in cool rooms to ripen. If allowed to ripen on the tree they have a better flavor.

"You might like to hear about another relation of the pear," said Grandma, when her friend left them for a few moments to prepare tea. "There is not much to tell about it. It is called the quince."

"Oh, yes, Mother uses quinces to make jelly," Jerry interrupted eagerly. "They're yellow."

Grandma smiled at his eagerness. "Yes, they're yellow. They are used only for jelly and preserves, and are never eaten raw. When fresh they pucker the mouth."

"Like chokecherries," Jerry interrupted again, remembering his grandpa's remarks on that fruit.

"The quince grows on a shrub or small tree, and is also a member of the Rose family. In reality, it is half pear and half apple, and its shape resembles both."

THE TWILIGHT STORY

"Did your grandmother tell you about the other member of the pear family?" Grandpa asked Jerry that night, after listening to his carefully told story of the afternoon's nature lesson.

Jerry's eyes popped open wide at this.

"Another relation!" he cried.

"The alligator pear," answered his grandpa.

Jerry's eyes popped open even wider than before.

"Do tell about it!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Wait until I get Jenny," he added, thinking how cross she had been about not hearing Mrs. Collins's story.

He ran quickly off, and soon returned with Jenny.

"Now the alligator pear," he commanded breathlessly, pulling his grandpa down onto a stone near the creek where he was watering his horses before taking them in for the night.

"This is a tropical fruit, and not an orchard

The Avocado Pear

pear like ours, but belongs to a different family," Grandpa began.

"In California, Florida, Hawaii, in Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and in most tropical countries it grows wild, on an evergreen tropical tree. It is a large, egg-shaped fruit, and weighs usually from one to two pounds."

"Larger than our pears," said Jenny timidly, knowing her grandpa did not like to be interrupted when he was telling them stories.

"The proper name of this fruit is the avocado. The only thing about it that is like the pear is

the shape of the oval varieties. It belongs to a different family entirely, and it does not taste at all like the orchard pear.

"Neither is the skin like that of an alligator, for it is smooth. It is supposed that this name was given the avocado by someone who thought it a pear from its shape, and expected it to taste like a pear. Finding it was not the sweet, juicy fruit that we all know and like so much, may have been a disappointment.

"But the avocado is a fine fruit of its kind and it is highly valued by those who know it. It brings a high price in northern markets.

"When it is ripe, the rind is dark green outside. The flesh or pulp of the fruit is somewhat like firm butter, only it is a light green color. It contains a large, round kernel."

"Like a peach," whispered Jerry.

His grandpa appeared not to notice this interruption, but he looked at Jerry with an amused smile and a slight shake of the head before he continued.

"Like a plum stone, only larger. The sailors

call it 'midshipmans' butter'; some other people call it 'vegetable butter.' But everyone likes its flavor, and it may be eaten either with sugar and cream, or with pepper and salt."

"Jerry! Jenny! Time for bed." Grandma's voice floated down the lane from the house.

Slowly, with an appealing look at their grandpa, the twins rose to obey.

"Coming," he called for them, and turned his face away from the pleading look in their eyes.

"The little tykes," Grandpa chuckled, when they had gone up the lane. "They don't like to go to bed."

SUGAR PLUMS

It was the end of August before the twins went to see Connie and her mother again. They rolled on a motor rug spread on the ground, while the two elder people sat in the hammock, near by.

"I must give you a basket of our sugar plums to take home," said their hostess, rising. "They have been a good crop this year, and I know the twins will enjoy them. Would they like to pick a basket?"

"Sugarplums!" exclaimed Jerry, in amazement, rolling off the rug into a sitting position.

"Yes, sugar plums, silly," laughed his twin. "Connie told me all about them. They aren't candy sugarplums, you goose," seeing that Jerry still looked bewildered. "Christmas sugarplums don't grow on trees. These do. Come and see."

Jerry needed no second invitation. He was on his feet with a bound, and racing the others to the patch where the plum trees grew.

"Those little, greenish yellow ones are sugar plums," said Connie, pointing to a few trees that grew apart from the others.

"Here's the basket, Connie," called her mother. "Perhaps Jerry could shake them down by climbing the fence."

Jerry, perched on the top rail of the snake fence, shook the trees merrily, and the girls picked the plums up from the ground.

"I'm glad they aren't rocks, or pumpkins," he shouted, as the plums pattered down about his head.

He caught one coming down and popped it into his mouth. "They are sweet," he shouted again.

"They are," answered his grandmother, who had just come up to see if the basket was full.

"Did you know that plums are cousins of the peach, and cousins too of the rose? There is another variety of yellow plum called the yellow Burbank, which is very much like a peach. It is peach size and somewhat the same color, but its skin is smooth and unwrinkled.

Gathering Sugar Plums

"When ripe, we have plums that are all shades of red, yellow, green and purple. These vary in size from a large egg to a small cherry, but all have a smooth skin and a smooth inside stone or pit.

"European, Japanese and American plums are all cultivated in North America, and there is usually a good crop everywhere.

"The plum is the third orchard fruit of importance in North America. The apple is first, and the peach second.

"As well as I can remember, the plum first grew in Syria, but it came to Europe many centuries ago. Immense quantities of the fruit, dried, are brought over from France and Germany. France also sends daintily packed boxes of candied plums and greengages. Ripe plums come here all the way from South Africa.

"Another kind of plum is a small, roundish, yellow-green or white one, called the bullace. It is excellent for tarts or jam. The damson is another small plum, still better. It is a tiny blue fruit, named after Damascus, the place where the native trees grew before the time of Christ. The juice of this fruit was much used in making dyes about sixty years ago. But now chemicals have taken its place, and damsons are used only for jam and preserves.

"California has the right climate and condition for certain varieties of plums," she continued. "Plums are cultivated in fact all along the Pacific coast and in some of the eastern states, especially New York. Japan has sent plums to our markets since 1870. Plums are in season from June to October.

"The largest plums are those developed by Burbank. The smallest are the damsons, and the wild plums, which sometimes are not much larger than cherries, like which they look."

"Hadn't we better go now, Granny?" asked Jenny. "Connie's mother has been waiting a long time in the hammock for us."

Granny started suddenly.

"How stupid of me to be lecturing you," she said.

"We enjoyed it," answered Connie politely.

Her mother laughed.

"I know the children were interested in your lecture, as you called it. Their faces showed it."

The children did not answer. They were too busy with the plate of sandwiches before them.

THE TWINS VISIT CONNIE

"How would you like to visit Connie for a few days before you go home?" asked their grandma, a few days after they had been picking sugar plums.

"That would be lovely," agreed the twins in one breath. "We will be here only another three weeks."

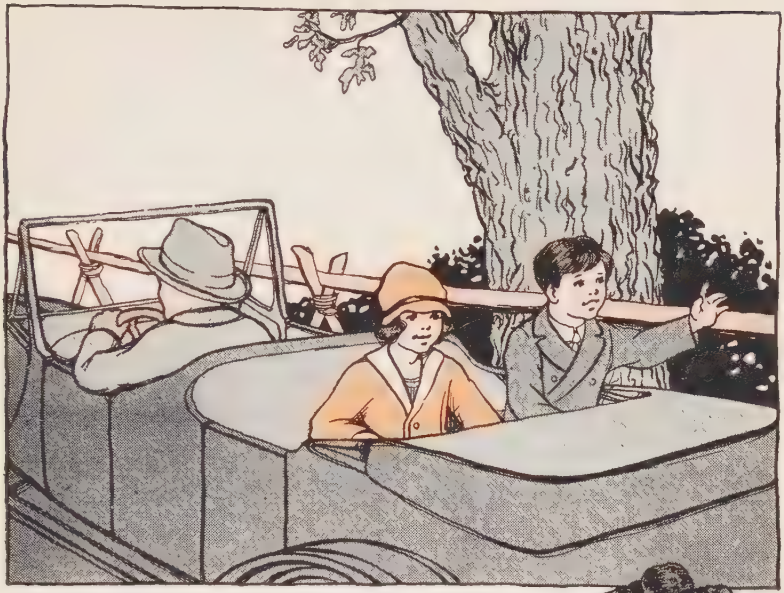
"Yes. I think that Jerry will be quite able to return to school at the beginning of the term," said Grandma. "The fresh air, with plenty of milk and eggs, and exercise, have made a strong boy of him."

"It is all arranged with Mrs. Collins, if you want to go," she continued, returning to the subject of the proposed visit.

"Of course we'd like to go," chorused the twins.

"Then I'll telephone Mrs. Collins now," answered Grandma. "Connie's father will come over for you after lunch, in the automobile."

So when the car came the twins were ready.



Going to Connie's for a Visit

"Good-by, Granny. Good-by, Grandpa," they called as they stepped into the waiting auto. Soon they were speeding down the lane.

"I'm so glad you came," cried Connie, running to the door to throw her arms around Jenny.

The evening was happily spent in games and singing. Mrs. Collins played the piano, and

the twins joined lustily in the choruses. Bedtime came all too soon.

"Isn't Connie's mother lovely?" Jenny inquired of her twin, as they trooped up the stairs to bed.

"She is," agreed Jerry.

Mrs. Collins called Jerry to the guest room, and Jenny went to sleep in Connie's room.

In the morning the twins awoke quite early.

"I don't wish for prunes, thank you," said Jerry at breakfast, as Mrs. Collins placed a dish of the fruit before him, with a jug full of fresh cream beside it.

"Don't you like prunes? Do you like plums, Jerry?" she asked. "We have sugar plums."

"Sugar plums!" Jerry nodded and smiled.

"Did you know that prunes are plums?" she questioned with a smile.

Jerry looked confused, but made no answer.

"Prunes are plums, dried in the sun and pressed," she continued. "All plums suitable for drying are called prunes, even while they are on the trees. To be right for drying they must

contain more than twelve per cent of sugar. How much is that, Jenny?"

Jenny looked doubtful. "Twelve parts out of every hundred parts must be sugar," answered Connie promptly.

"Some contain fifty per cent. Most of the best prune plums are grown in France and California, but Spain, Portugal, Germany, Serbia, South America and Australia, also produce prunes. Formerly the finest prunes came from the valley of the Loire in France. They are golden-yellow, much lighter than our native prunes. They come packed in fancy boxes, and they are expensive.

"But now California supplies nearly as many. Three states, California, Washington and Oregon, market more prunes than all Europe."

"I'm sorry I was rude," answered Jerry, when Mrs. Collins had finished speaking. "Will you pass the cream, please? I think I will eat the prunes now."

THE WIENER ROAST ON THE BEACH

"It is Connie's birthday to-morrow," said Mrs. Collins, as they sat in the hammock the next day. "What kind of a party shall we have?"

"Oh, let's have a party on the beach, after dark," cried Connie.

"And ask some of those children that live down the road," suggested Jenny.

"That would be great," coaxed Connie. "Let's, Mother."

"It would be nice," answered her mother. "We could build a fire to toast wieners and marshmallows, and have—" she broke off abruptly. "No. I must keep that a secret until the party."

The twins were very busy the next day gathering up dried twigs in the little wood beyond the beach, for the bonfire. The beach was a narrow strip of land which bordered a wide creek that ran through the meadow back of the Collins' property.

At night, when the invited guests were all

The Beach Party

arrived at the beach, Mrs. Collins placed three large, dead trees tripod fashion, piled paper and dry twigs underneath, and set a light to it. The flames rapidly gained strength, and shot straight up to the sky, causing the more venturesome children to move back from the heat.

"Wieners, Jerry," called Mrs. Collins. Jerry handed each child a small wiener sausage and a long stick, pointed at one end to hold the food.

"O boy! They do taste good," the children cried, when they had placed the toasted wieners between slices of bread, and dabbed on a little mustard.

"Marshmallows next," called Connie, thrusting her stick with the white confection on its point into the fire.

Mrs. Collins started the children singing songs and choruses while the candies toasted. The light from the fire rose and fell on the circle of happy faces and made a pleasant picture.

"Now for the surprise!" cried their hostess, going to a basket which she had kept closely guarded until now. She lifted out a large green object and carried it to the circle around the fire.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the delighted Jerry. "Watermelon! Watermelon!"

Mrs. Collins laughed. "Do you like watermelon, Jerry?"

"If I'd only known what made that basket so heavy!" he exclaimed.

"I suppose we would have no watermelon left," finished their hostess, as she began to distribute large slices.

"Jerry!" said Jenny in an undertone to her twin. "Do try to be polite!"

Jerry fell back somewhat at this rebuke.

"Tell us something about watermelons, Mrs. Collins," coaxed one of the little guests.

"There is not much to tell," she answered, "but I will tell you what I can.

"This fruit was known to man centuries ago. Even then it was eaten for the refreshment it afforded, for it is nearly ninety-five per cent water. Originally it was grown only in the tropics and in South Africa.

"It can indeed be grown anywhere if the seed is planted in light, sandy soil. It must be well-drained, and have no shade. Six states, Florida, Georgia, California, Texas, Indiana and Missouri lead in the culture of the watermelon, but it is grown in most of the states.

"You cannot eat the rind because it is so tough. But the rind makes it an easy fruit to ship, as the tough, green-striped skin protects the delicious, watery, pinky-red pulp within. Usually the fruit weighs from twenty to fifty pounds.

"When you buy watermelons, look for one that has a regular shape. The dull looking rind, rather than the bright, shiny one, is the kind to choose. The season is June, July and August."

The fire gradually died down; the circle of faces around it grew dim. and finally melted into the darkness.

"Time to go home," commanded Mrs. Collins cheerily.

Slowly the children turned from the cooling ashes, and started back up the well beaten path that led to the farmhouse and the road.

"We did have a good time," volunteered several of the small guests.

"So did we," answered the twins to their hostess.

THE DAY AFTER

"I was reading some more about melons," said Mrs. Collins, the day after the party. "Would you like to hear about them?"

"Watermelons?" questioned Jerry.

"No, not watermelons. I told you all there was to tell about watermelons last night. These are two other kinds of melon—the muskmelon and the casaba melon.

"A muskmelon is a sweet, delicious fruit that grows on a vine like the watermelon. It is a member of the same family, the gourd family. Some varieties are oblong in shape; others are nearly round.

"Muskmelons grow in warm climates all over the world. The cantaloupe and the nutmeg melon are the kinds that we have most of in the United States and Canada.

"The rind of the muskmelon is tough, usually netted and of a greenish yellow color. The color of the flesh of the different types varies from white, yellow and green to pink and red.

Casaba Muskmelon Nutmeg Melon

"A cantaloupe is a muskmelon with a hard, scaly rind," went on Mrs. Collins. "The rind is often deeply furrowed."

"Uncle John once bought us each a half cantaloupe filled with ice cream," interrupted Jerry.

"There were nuts on it, and cherries, too," added Jenny.

"The name cantaloupe," said Mrs. Collins, smiling slightly, "comes from a small town in Italy, near Rome, which is called Cantelupe.

"The nutmeg melon belongs to the netted class of its kind. It is round oval in shape, ribbed and musk scented."

"Tell us about the Casa—" said Connie.

"Casaba," laughed her mother. "It is not hard to say."

"Is it another kind of muskmelon?" asked Jennie politely.

"It is one of the larger varieties of muskmelon," said Mrs. Collins. "But its history does not date very far back, like that of the watermelon. The Casaba melon was not known in America, at least, until the present century."

"Why is it called by such a funny name?" asked Jerry.

"It is named for Casaba, a town in Asia Minor, near Smyrna, where it comes from. That is why it is sometimes called the Persian melon."

"It's the yellow melon," declared Jerry.

"It is yellow both inside and out," agreed Mrs. Collins. "And we must remember that there is a melon known as the Persian melon. It looks like a large, flattened cantaloupe.

"The rind of the Casaba is smooth and easy to handle, not rough and netted like our American muskmelons. It is divided into grooves or sections running lengthwise. It has a delight-

ful flavor. It is sometimes called the Golden melon."

"Tell us about the big melons," asked Jerry.

"These muskmelons that we have been talking about grow from a few inches in length to over a foot. There are melons much larger, however. The Montreal is the largest. Specimens of this variety have been grown that weighed as much as fifteen pounds. The Golden Queen is another large melon, weighing from six to eight pounds. These larger melons are rather rare, however. The Montreal is nearly round in shape, dark green with coarse netting. The flesh is lighter green.

"The Golden Queen is a round, ribbed melon. The skin is yellowish or light green, rough but with little netting. The flesh is salmon pink and greenish, shading into red. It is grown in New York and parts of the New England states."

"We had a honeyball melon for breakfast yesterday," reminded Connie.

"Yes," replied her mother. "Market styles in melons change constantly. The honeyball

resembles the honeydew melon, which has a slight cucumber flavor. The honeydew has a smooth rind, cream white or pale green in color. The honeydews are sweet and fragrant and their season lasts from June to November.

"Then there is a Santa Claus, or Christmas melon, that looks like a small watermelon, but the flesh is like cantaloupe.

"And there are winter melons that look like honeydews on the outside, but are like watermelons inside."

"I like Rocky Fords the best of all," said Jerry.

"The Rocky Ford is a delicious little melon, about five inches in length, usually. Its flavor has made it a general favorite. It takes its name from the place where it was first grown in Colorado."

"I wish I had some now," said Jerry.

And his twin exclaimed in a shocked voice, "Jerry!"

The next two weeks flew by rapidly; the day before the one on which the twins were to go home arrived all too soon.

"Mother's coming to-morrow!" Jenny kept repeating in an excited voice.

"I just love riding on the train," Jerry said. "But I don't want to go to school again."

"The time will fly," answered Grandma cheerily. "Christmas holidays will soon be here."

Granny was busy making sugar cookies for the twins to eat on the journey home.

"Mother likes sugar cookies, too," observed Jenny, watching her grandma's deft movements as she cut the dough and slid the baking-sheet into the oven.

"Yes, I know she does," answered her grandma. "I made hundreds of sugar cookies for her when she was little."

"Won't you tell us a story about when

Mother was a little girl?" begged the twins, very much interested.

Grandma's eyes misted with sudden memories of long ago.

"She was always up to pranks of some kind, but best of all she loved dressing up, and climbing apple trees.

"One day while she was hanging nearly upside down from an apple tree near the road, a traveler came along. He was hungry and footsore, and asked Gracie where he could go to get a good meal.

" 'My mother makes the loveliest sugar cookies,' " she told him.

The twins laughed.

"She does yet," said Jerry with a grin.

Jenny gave her grandma an affectionate squeeze.

"After supper, he gave Gracie that little chair from his pack."

Granny pointed to a tiny black-and-yellow doll's chair that was visible through the open door, standing on the plate rail in the dining

room. "He said that it was made from black persimmon wood, and he told us some curious tales of his adventures in Texas. 'The black persimmon tree grows there,' he said. 'It is a fruit tree.' "

"A fruit tree?" echoed Jerry.

"The persimmon belongs to a group of trees of the ebony family," said his grandma. "Two types are found in the temperate zones of North America. This black persimmon of which we were talking grows largely in the western part of Texas as far south as the gulf."

"What gulf?" asked Jerry.

Mother smiled.

"I know!" Jenny exclaimed with a start of pleasure. "The Gulf of Mexico."

Mother laughed.

"Of course," she said, as Jerry looked down. "The fruit of the black persimmon is black and almost tasteless. It is valued mostly for the dye contained in its juice. The wood is black, as you have seen, with yellow markings such as you see in that little chair. It is used largely

The Persimmon in Japan

for engravers' blocks. The wood of neither of these persimmon trees is equal to that of ebony trees found in the tropics.

"The common persimmon tree grows in the coast states from Rhode Island to Florida and

west as far as Kansas. It is a graceful tree, with shiny green leaves, that grows to a height of about fifty feet. The wood of this tree is very hard, and fine grained. It is used in turnery. It bears yellowish green flowers and small yellow fruit that is puckery before it ripens."

"Like chokecherries," said Jerry.

"It is only when the fruit is dead ripe that it is good to eat," said Grandma. "The persimmon grows in Japan and China, too, and produces better fruit in these countries than in America."

"I wish I could go to Texas," observed Jerry, his eyes fixed dreamily on the little black chair with the yellow markings. "There must be all kind of wild animals there."

"Well, you may go some day," replied his grandma. "Grandpa has some shares in a mine down there. I heard him talk of taking a trip some day."

"Let's all go," cried Jerry excitedly.

"Go and call Grandpa first. Dinner is ready."

A LETTER FROM INDIA

"The postman has been here! A letter for you, Mother," called the twins one day, as they passed through the hall on their way out to school.

Mother smiled when she saw the postmark.

"It is a good, fat one, isn't it?" she asked. "It is from Mrs. Holmes, and by the postmark she is now in India.

"Don't be too late coming from school," she called after them. "She is sure to have something interesting to tell us."

Mrs. Holmes was a friend of Mrs. Lancaster. At present, she was traveling around the world. Once a month an account of her travels found its way to the twins, and the pages were filled with amusing incidents and descriptions of beauty spots she had visited.

The twins hurried home, eager to hear their mother read the letter. But Mother was busy, and so they waited, somewhat impatiently it is

true, until the evening meal had been eaten and cleared away.

Mother took her knitting, and the letter, and went to sit in the armchair. The evening was chilly, and the twins drew their mother's chair before the fire and cuddled themselves at her feet.

" 'Dear Mrs. Lancaster,' " Mother began to read. " 'After the usual troubles and inconveniences of travel, we have at last arrived in India. It is hot, very hot.

" 'We passed by a grove of lemon trees on our ride out to this particular spot. Lemon trees grow wild here. I instantly thought of the twins. Jerry, I am sure, would like to hear something about lemons.

" 'There is no need for me to describe to him the light yellow, egg-shaped fruit known as a lemon. He has already seen dozens of them in his own home. But he has not seen the tree itself, with its long, willowy branches thinly covered with pale green leaves, interspersed with heavy bunches of lemons. The tree usually

The Lemon in India

grows from ten to twenty feet high, and lives for about forty years.

"'The flowers are small, and marked on the outside with purplish lines. They are not so fragrant as orange blossoms, although the lemon tree belongs to the citrus family, and so is a cousin of the orange and the lime.' "

"I love lemon pie," interrupted Jerry.

"With that fluffy stuff on it," added Jenny.

Mother laughed, as she folded up the letter and started to knit. "There is nothing more about lemons in the letter," she said. "Mrs. Holmes didn't mention whether they have lemon pie in India or not."

"Is India the only place where lemons grow?" inquired Jerry.

"Lemon trees grow in Italy, too," replied his mother, "and are exported from there. Also in Spain, Portugal, Mexico, Florida and especially in California. California in fact produces most of our lemons.

"Italy exports cargoes of lemons into the United States and Canada to the value of $6,000,000 every year.

"The lemon is used in cooking and in flavoring, and for perfume. The flavoring extract and the oil that yields the scent are obtained chiefly from the rind, which is very fragrant. It is the oil glands in the yellow outer rind that give it the rough appearance.

"Inside this yellow rind is a white lining or inner rind that covers the juicy pulp of the fruit.

The seeds are contained in the sections of the pulp. The fruit is called a berry by the botanists."

"Do they pack lemons just like oranges?" asked Jenny.

"No," replied her mother. "Lemons must be picked green, or they will not keep. The green fruits are placed on trays in cool, dark rooms for curing. When ready for the market they are sorted, graded, wrapped in tissue paper, and packed in boxes for shipping. The thin skinned lemons are liked best. Lemons of the best grade are called 'fancy,' of the next best are 'choice,' of the third grade are known as 'standards,' and of the fourth grade are just 'culls.' Like oranges, lemons have to be handled carefully to avoid breaking or bruising the skin. It is well that the skin becomes tougher as the fruit ripens and so is in better condition for shipping. A good lemon yields ordinarily about two ounces of juice.

"The straggling branches of the lemon tree bear short, sharp thorns, fragrant flowers and

ripening fruit at the same time. It comes into bearing at three or four years and is fully matured at the sixth or seventh year. The average yield of a tree is two hundred to three hundred pounds annually. The trees are planted in groves one hundred to the acre. There may be a crop of two thousand to three thousand pounds of fruit to the acre. A single tree may bear three thousand fruits in a year."

Mrs. Lancaster paused. "I had forgotten that you still have home work to do."

"I have to do some horrid sums," wailed Jerry.

"Come, come," replied his mother. "Sums first, and then to bed. To-morrow you can write to tell Connie about the lemon story."

THE CITRON TREE

"Citron makes good preserves," said Mother. The twins were helping their mother peel citrons one Saturday morning. She had bought them from a vegetable peddler at the door the day before.

Jerry opened his eyes; he was very fond of preserves.

"These are English citrons," continued their mother. "I like this kind for the peel. When it is preserved and chopped fine, it is nice for cakes.

"Notice how oval these citrons are. Citrons are usually round. Both round and oval varieties have light and dark green stripes on the rinds, which are warty and furrowed. The inside is pale green, and rather hard; the seeds are red or green."

"Do you remember the beads we made from them last year?" asked Jenny.

Mother smiled. "Yes, dear. They were very

pretty. In India citrons grow on a tree, but here we find them on vines."

"Who ever heard of citrons growing on a tree?" asked a deep voice behind them.

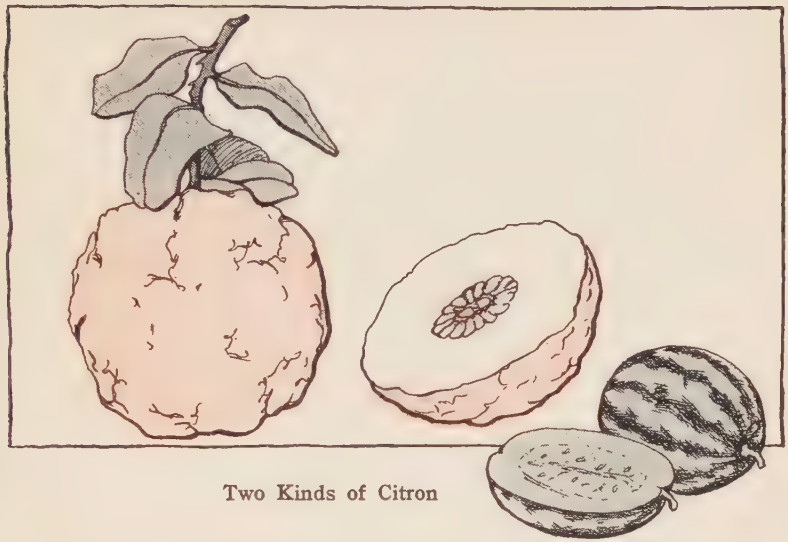
"Oh! Oh! Uncle Fred!" cried the twins, as they ran and clung to him with shrieks of delight.

"A very cordial reception, I'm sure," answered their uncle, with a laugh. "But who said that citrons grew on a tree?"

Mrs. Lancaster laughed.

"I did," she answered. "You told me, so it must be true."

"Well, they do really," said her brother, dropping his bantering tone. "India was the first home of the citron tree, which belongs to the same family as the lemon and orange, you remember, the citrus family. It is now cultivated in both California and Florida and in the warm countries around the Mediterranean Sea. It carries large leaves and beautiful flowers, the color of violets. The fruit of some varieties is round, of others oval.



Two Kinds of Citron

"The citron is used like the lemon, when fresh, to make a refreshing drink, but it is the peel that is the most important product. Much of it is shipped to the United States dried, to be candied. From the juice of the rind also two oils used in making perfumes are made.

"The kind of citrons we grow in America," he continued, holding up a piece that Jenny had cut, "is really a variety of watermelon. It grows on a vine and comes from small, yellow flowers."

"What do you say to having a spin in the car?" he asked suddenly, jumping up.

"Oh, goody!" cried the twins in unison.

"That will be fine," answered Mother. "I would like to go to the fruit store to get some grapes. The twins have helped me wonderfully with the citrons. So I will have time to make some grape jam."

"Grape jam!" said Jerry.

His uncle laughed heartily. "Very fond of jam, aren't you, Jerry?"

He brought the car to the door, and bundled them all into it. They sped down the street to the fruiterer's.

"The fruit man will be surprised to see us again," said Jenny.

"I hope he will be pleased," answered Jerry. "I want him to tell us another story."

TEACHER'S NATURE LESSON

The next morning the twins hurried off to school, each carrying a bunch of grapes to their teacher, the two largest bunches in the basket. They put the grapes on Miss Grey's desk and went out into the school yard to play.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Miss Grey.

School had been called, and Miss Grey, returning to the room, saw the grapes for the first time. "How lovely!" she exclaimed again. "Who brought me these?"

Jerry and Jenny put up their hands timidly; they were not used to being praised in school.

Miss Grey smiled and thanked the twins.

"Class, take out your history books," she said.

Then she paused. "Perhaps I will tell you a little about the history of the grapes this morning, while we have such good specimens before us. Later in the day, you may be able to draw them.

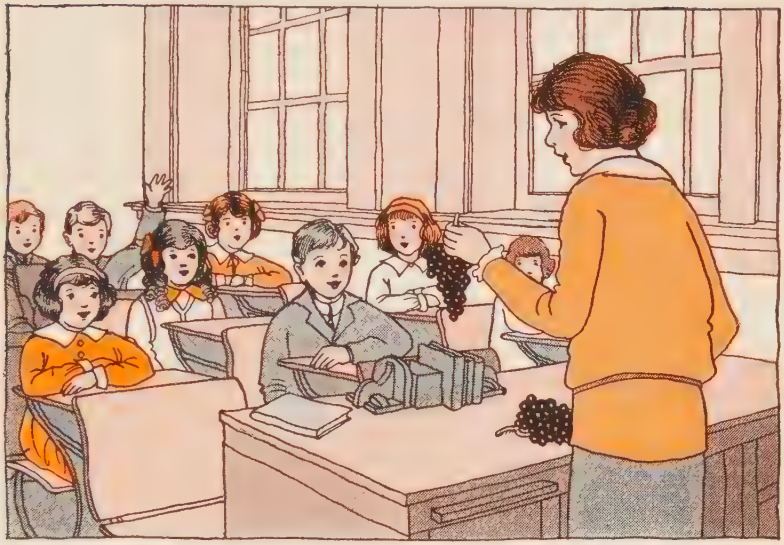
"As you can see, these grapes are purple in color, and round in shape. They are commonly known as late Canadian grapes."

A little hand in the back row shot up suddenly. "Please, Miss Grey," asked the owner of it, "what are the big, white grapes called?"

"The kind I think you mean," answered Miss Grey, "are Malaga grapes. They are big, firm and oval in shape, and light green in color. Usually they do not contain many seeds. They come from California.

"From California also comes the white Muscat as well as the Malaga. And from the same state we get the red Tokay, besides black and red varieties of Emperor. The grapes grown along the Pacific slope belong to European varieties. Altogether we find that there are about five hundred different varieties grown at present. In color they range from black, purple and red to green, yellow and white.

"Concord grapes, grown in the northern states east of the Rockies, are black and the best known kind. Then there are other well known



A Study of Grapes

types. The Catawba is a medium sized, oval or round grape, purplish red in color. It is a late, sweet grape that keeps well. The Delaware is a reddish hybrid of fine flavor.

"The late grapes, such as the Concord, have a thick skin and a tart juice. The Sweetwater has a thin skin and a sweet flavor."

Here Jerry, who was fairly bursting to speak, asked, "Have you ever seen them grow, Miss Grey?"

"Hands up for questions!" Miss Grey reminded him. "Yes," she said, answering his question. "We used to grow grapes on our farm back on the Niagara Peninsula. The vines with their dark or light green, much indented leaves, made a handsome setting for the cone-shaped bunches of fruit. Occasionally the bunches grow to weigh twenty-five pounds, but the half-pound is more usually found," she added smiling. "It all depends, of course, on the variety, the cultivation and the climate.

"If you were to visit a vineyard in California you would notice at once that the vines are planted and cared for in a different way from what is the custom in the northern states of the East. In California vineyards the vines are trimmed so that they grow close to the ground. In the eastern states the vines are usually grown upon arbors or wires or other framework.

"The California vines have stout trunks, but they are not allowed to grow high and each vine stands alone. They are planted in rows,

with canals to water them alongside the rows. The constant cutting and trimming makes the strength of the vine go into the roots. The bunches are very large and heavy.

"It is interesting to watch the process of drying grapes to make them into raisins. The grapes are cut from the vines with scissors and laid in the hot sun, which dries them rapidly. When one side has been dried, the bunch is turned over so that the other side gets the sun's rays. Then the dried bunches are stemmed by machinery and the cured raisins are packed for the market.

"Grapes grow at night, so cold nights delay the crop and an early frost will ruin it.

"In France, Armenia and most of the European countries, the grape vine runs wild. Often it will be found climbing up the side of some giant tree. This fruit has also been cultivated since the earliest date of human history."

Jerry sighed as the story ended. "It's always the way with stories," he muttered. "They stop, and you have to go back to work."

UNCLE JOHN'S TREAT

"O Mother, may we go to the circus on Saturday?" The twins arrived home, breathless with running all the way from school.

"Do let us, Mother," they begged. "We just saw the poster, and there are going to be all kinds of wild animals and things."

Mother sighed.

"I'm sorry I can't take you," she said.

The children's faces fell.

"But if I can get Uncle John on the telephone, you may go with him," she added.

"Oh, goody, goody!" they both cried, fairly dancing with joy. "That's even better," Jerry confided to his twin, in an undertone. "Uncle John always knows what a fellow wants, and you get everything without asking."

Saturday arrived, clear and bright. Mother had been able to get their uncle on the telephone, and he had promised to call for them.

Jerry was up early. He stood at the door peering anxiously down the road, and calling

At the Circus

impatient little commands to Jenny to be ready the very minute their uncle came in sight.

"Here he comes!" he yelled at last. "Come on, Jenny!" He grabbed his cap and hopped off the step to be at the car as soon as it stopped.

"We're off," he called excitedly, as his mother came to the door to speak to Uncle John.

At last they really were off, and the twins

chattered like magpies all the way until their uncle decided to stop at the nearest peanut stand to buy some nuts to keep them quiet.

"Oh, there's the band!" yelled Jerry, as they neared the circus grounds. "Quick, Jenny! See! There's the parade!"

"There are the elephants," volunteered Jenny, not nearly so excited as her twin. "And see the lady with the gold dress on."

Their uncle sat calmly, laughing at Jerry's attempts to excite his sister.

"She's only a girl!" Jerry cried at last in disgust, with an apologetic look at his uncle.

Jenny turned to answer him crossly, but their uncle, seeing a quarrel in the making, hustled them into the grounds, and onto the merry-go-round.

"It's time we had something to eat," Uncle John said, when the twins descended from the horses. "Let's go and see what we can find."

"Oh, let's only have popcorn and lemonade," begged Jerry. "I don't want dinner."

Jerry was really too full of excitement to eat.

So Uncle John found a booth where food was sold, and inquired for sandwiches and lemonade.

"Sold out of lemonade for a few minutes," said the food vendor. "Try a lime drink."

"Yes, let us try a lime drink," coaxed Jerry.

"Well, you'll find it sharp," cautioned his uncle, "but go ahead. Three lime drinks," he added, turning to the counter.

"Is that a lime?" asked Jenny, pointing to a small fruit like a lemon only more rounded, that she saw on the counter.

"It is," assented her uncle. "It grows on a small tree, scarcely higher than a shrub, belonging to the rue family. The trunk of this low tree grows crooked, with wide branches and smooth, glossy leaves.

"I have seen limes growing in the West Indies, but the lime really is a native of India and China. It is cultivated also in our southern states, in southern Europe and in Mexico."

Jerry looked at his uncle with awe, but his uncle did not see. He handed the man thirty cents and Jerry got his first taste of lime drink.

THE FRUIT DEALER TELLS A STORY

"Will you do an errand for me?" Mother asked the twins one afternoon after school.

"May we call at the fruit store?" asked Jerry. "We haven't been there for a long time. The fruit dealer promised to tell us another story."

"Yes, you may, if you won't stay too late. Bring me a dozen tangerines," she said, handing him some money.

"Tangerines?" asked Jerry. "What are they? What do they look like?"

His mother smiled mysteriously. "Why, ask your friend, the fruit man," she answered.

Together the twins went down the street.

"Here we are. Aren't you pleased to see us again?" Jerry asked the fruit dealer upon their arrival at the fruit store.

"Well, if it isn't my little friends, the twins!" exclaimed the fruiterer. "Yes, I'm glad to see you. What can I get for you to-day?"

"Mother wants tangerines," answered Jerry,

At the Fruit Store

bringing out the word with an important sound. "One dozen tangerines, please."

The fruiterer's eyes twinkled.

"This way," he said. "Which kind will you have?"

He led the twins to a large stand that held about eight varieties of the orange family.

Jerry looked at him in amazement, for a

moment. Then a look of disappointment spread over his face.

"Why, they're only oranges!" he exclaimed, turning to Jenny. "I thought—"

The fruit dealer laughed.

"There is a difference," he said, answering Jerry's unspoken thought. "They are a variety of orange, smaller than the ordinary kind, and somewhat flattened in shape. The color, you notice, is deeper as well. They have a delicious taste."

"Where did they get that funny name?" Jenny spoke for the first time.

"It was taken from the name of the place where the fruit was first found—in Tangier, Morocco."

"That is in Africa," put in Jerry quickly. He was anxious to show the man that he knew something, to restore his lost self-esteem.

"A few of them are grown in Mexico," added their instructor.

"From its shape, which as you see is somewhat flatter than that of the orange, the tan-

gerine is supposed to have been developed from the Mandarin orange, which is a Chinese variety. It is like the Mandarin in another respect. Both have a loose skin, which is easily removed. The tangerine has a rich flavor."

"O Jerry!" exclaimed Jenny, who had wandered a little farther down the store. "See the little pear-orange!"

"So you've found the kumquat, eh?" said the fruiterer with a hearty laugh.

"It is another variety of orange," he added in response to their eager looks. He picked up the little fruit that was like a tiny, oblong orange, and gave one to each of the twins. "They grow on a small, shrublike orange tree, which is cultivated largely in China, Japan and several of our southern states. It is easy to grow, because it stands the frost better than any of the other varieties.

"Eat," he commanded, noticing that they seemed afraid to make a start. "You'll find the flavor pleasant and refreshing. In China," he added, "the sweet rind of the kumquat is

preserved with sugar into dainty confections."

The clock at the back of the store struck five.

"We must be going," said Jenny suddenly. "Mother told us not to be late."

"Thank you for the kumquats," said Jerry politely, though stumbling a little over the new word. They hurried home to tell Mother about them.

"Where are my tangerines?" she asked.

The twins looked anxiously at one another, and then burst out laughing.

"We're so sorry, Mother," they said at last, "but we forgot all about them."

"Hurry back then. We're having company to-night, so I want them," said Mother, laughing with them.

JERRY TRIES A POMEGRANATE

"Oh, I love those little red sandals," cried Jenny. "Look at the buckles!" The twins and their mother were looking into a shoemaker's window one night after school.

"Don't you think I need some new shoes?" she continued wistfully, looking at her mother, and then back to the little red sandals.

Her mother shook her head.

"We cannot buy them to-day," she answered. "But we can go in to ask the price."

"Three dollars," said the shoemaker, carrying the little red sandals from the window, to hold them temptingly in front of Jenny's nose.

Tears of desire came into her eyes; she did want those little sandals. But her mother shook her head.

"I cannot buy them," she said. "I'm sorry to cause you so much trouble."

"Made from the very best leather," the tempter went on. "The leather was tanned with tannin derived from the rind of the pome-

granate," he added, as though sure that this was the best possible guarantee.

Still Mother shook her head, and turned to leave the store.

"What's that?" inquired Jerry. He had been gazing disconsolately around at the rows of girls' shoes that lined the walls. He didn't care for red sandals. The salesman's last words aroused his interest.

"Come, Jerry," said his mother.

Jerry took no notice. He went closer to the counter and repeated, "What's a pomegranate?"

"A pomegranate is a fruit," answered the man. "The rind is used for the tannin it contains, and this tannin is used for tanning leather."

"Well?" said Jerry, as the man paused.

"You'd better go and ask a fruit dealer," the man laughed. "That's all I know about it."

Jerry walked away; his mother and Jenny were already a block down the street.

"We'll have to see the fruit dealer," he said, when he caught up to them. "Why, we're here

The Pomegranate

already," he exclaimed looking up. He had been walking so quickly, his mind on the pomegranate, that he hadn't noticed where he was.

"There's a pomegranate," his mother said. Following the direction of her nod, Jerry saw a pile of round fruits that looked like oranges, only the color was a deeper gold, shaded with red. The rind was tough looking and hard.

"Is that one on the plate?" asked Jenny, pointing to a plate on top of the pile.

"It looks like a pomegranate cut in two," said her mother. "Yes, it is," peering closer. "See the purple and reddish seeds, and notice how they are each wrapped in a layer of pulp."

"Let's go and ask the fruit man!" begged Jerry.

Mother consulted her watch. "You can go in for ten minutes if he isn't busy," she answered. "Meet me at the dressmaker's in twenty minutes, sharp."

"Here again!" said the fruit dealer. "What is it this time?"

"The pomegranate," said Jerry. "Tell us where it grows, and all about it. The shoemaker said its rind was used for making tannin."

"Yes, it is used for tanning leather," answered the fruiterer. "It also contains the tannin used in certain medicines. In Mexico, they make liquor from the pulp, and in Persia, wine. Have you ever tasted a pomegranate?" he inquired suddenly.

Both the children shook their heads. "We would like to," volunteered Jenny timidly.

The fruit dealer cut one in two and gave half to each twin. "It grows on a tree fifteen to twenty-five feet high," he continued, seating himself carefully on an orange box. "This tree

bears a good number of slender branches; at the end of the branches large scarlet flowers grow. By and by the flowers turn into fruit.

"The pomegranate is grown in many tropical and subtropical regions, such as the extreme southern states and Mexico. In western Asia and northwestern India, it grows wild."

"I like pomegranates," said Jerry, wiping his hands with satisfaction on his handkerchief.

"We learned all about the pomegranate to-day," the twins told their father that evening.

"Been to see the fruit man again?" he inquired with an amused look. "Did he tell you about Proserpina and the pomegranate seeds? It's Greek mythology," he added, seeing Jerry's mystified look. "Better ask your teacher about it in the morning."

THE STRANGER ENTERTAINS THE TWINS

"Mr. and Mrs. Willard will be here to spend the evening," said Mrs. Lancaster to the twins as they started off to school one afternoon. "Don't loiter on the way home, because you must dress nicely for dinner."

Jerry groaned. "I hate getting dressed up, and I hate the Willards," he said crossly.

"Hush, Jerry," advised his mother sharply. "You should not hate any one. Besides, you have never even seen them."

Jerry bolted for the door without replying.

"Remember," his mother called after him.

"The Willards have traveled a great deal," his mother told him that evening, while he was dressing.

"Well, I might like them," he stated thoughtfully to himself, "if they would only tell us about their travels!"

"Meet my son and daughter, Mr. Willard," said Mother, when her guests arrived.

Jerry nodded stiffly. But his excitement burst forth at a look from the kindly face of Mr. Willard.

"Oh, won't you tell us about your travels?" he burst out impetuously.

The visitor looked at Mother for explanation.

"I told them that you had traveled," she answered, smiling apologetically and shaking her head at Jerry.

Jerry hung his head.

"All right, my little man," the visitor replied. "You shall have a story, at your mother's convenience."

"Will you have pineapple or peach jelly?" Mother asked her visitors at the dinner table.

"Pineapple, please," replied Mr. Willard. "We saw acres and acres of pineapples in Hawaiian plantations," he added, turning to his host. With a side glance, he watched the effect of this upon Jerry. That small boy sat bolt upright upon hearing the words and fastened his eyes upon Mr. Willard.

"We saw them also in Porto Rico, the West

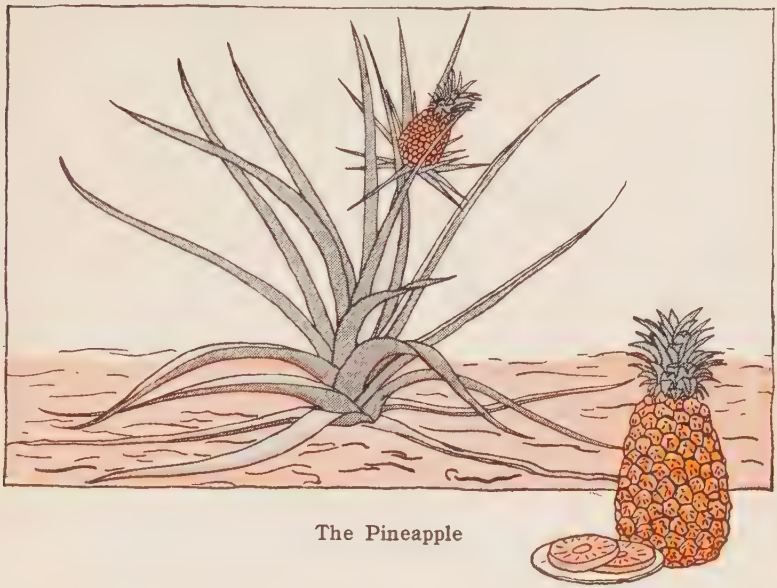
Indies, and the Philippines, too. There the natives sold us some of the Pina muslin, a delicate fabric that is woven from the leaves. In California, and recently in Florida, some fine varieties are springing up. The plant is native to the American tropics.

"It is very interesting to see how they are grown," he continued, for Jerry's benefit. "In Florida the plants are placed under sheds made of lath nailed two to three inches apart on light frames. This framework protects the plants from extremes of heat and cold."

He paused to continue eating, but Jerry burst out. "Do tell us some more."

Mr. Willard looked at him with an amused twinkle in his eyes. "One of the planters told us that the pineapple is a biennial plant. That is, the first season it puts forth only the root and the leaves. It does not grow during the winter, but the following season it blossoms, bears fruit and then dies. The flowers are small, purplish blue, not very fragrant.

"It is quite a thrilling sight to see planta-



The Pineapple

tions of the fruit growing in Hawaii. The fleshy part of the stalk holds the fruit, and this is crowned by a cluster of leaves. The whole plant is only about two feet high.

"Pineapples grow to about the size of a coconut there ordinarily, but some growers have produced larger varieties weighing up to twenty pounds.

"The long rows of plants are set about three feet apart and the spiky leaves almost cover the

ground. They are prickly at the end, so that you have to watch to avoid them if you are walking between the rows. From the center of these spikelike leaves grows the fruit. It is greenish yellow or red in color and round or cone-shaped. A tuft of short spikes grows from the top of the fruit.

"The fruit is woody and solid inside. It has a delightful flavor when ripe. It is picked green for shipping and ripens on its way to the market. It should not be eaten until ripe, however, for the green fruit has a caustic juice. When it is thoroughly ripe, it is very wholesome, for the juice contains elements that aid digestion."

"Like the papaw!" exclaimed Jerry.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Willard. "I see that you remember some of the things you learn about the fruits, don't you?"

"Its name comes from its likeness to the pine cone," interrupted his wife. "Have you finished, dear?"

Jerry glared at her. His mother caught his

eye and shook her head. The family rose from the table at Mother's signal, and gathered again shortly in the parlor.

"No more to-night," said Mrs. Lancaster with a warning nod at Jerry. "Mr. Willard has some business to talk over with Father. You must be quiet, or go and play in the kitchen."

Jerry ran into the kitchen and shut the door with a bang.

"Just when he was going to tell me more," he cried wrathfully to Jenny.

But Jenny wisely did not answer.

THE STORY OF THE COCONUT

"Coconuts are one of the most useful things in the world," observed Uncle Fred, as he hammered away at a coconut he had brought the twins for Thanksgiving.

"Couldn't you make it into a story?" coaxed Jerry in his most wheedling tone, as he watched his uncle with interest.

Uncle Fred laughed.

"Always after a story. I thought that only babies liked stories," he said good-humoredly.

"We're not babies," Jenny pouted.

"Well, I can't tell stories sitting on the floor like this. Help me up," answered her uncle with mock meekness.

The twins rushed to help him up, settled him in the big armchair, and perched one on each side of him.

"You promised," reminded Jerry, as though afraid that Uncle Fred would forget his small nephew's desire to hear all about the coconut.

His uncle held up the coconut, which he had not yet succeeded in cracking, and with an air of great importance began in the tone of a lecturer. "Ladies and gentlemen: You see before you a coconut. The coconut grows on a tall, straight palm tree that reaches a height of about sixty feet. It seems to thrive best near the seacoast and its home is in the tropics. Some varieties are believed to have come from India and the Islands of the South Seas in the first place. But many kinds are native to South America."

He struck an attitude, and the twins went into gales of laughter.

"O Uncle, don't lecture us," said Jerry as soon as he could talk. "Tell us all about it—like a story."

Uncle Fred dropped his lecturing tone, and began seriously. "All that I have told you is true, but that, I suppose, you knew before. This is the coconut story:

"The coconut palm begins to bear its great nuts in from four to eight years after planting.

The tree lives seventy or eighty years under favorable conditions.

"The fruit has a hard, thick, brown shell. The kind we know best is a rounded oval in shape, but some others are longer. At one end of the husk of our common coconut there are three eyes, or scars, where the opening is usually made, for these spots are thinner and softer than the rest of the rind. The middle eye is the one to open to let out the milky juice.

"The white pulp lines the inside of the hard, stringy husk. Besides being good to eat and nutritious, this pulp yields an oil that has many uses. It is called coconut oil and coconut butter. Inside the pulp of the fruit is the milk.

"The tree has a stem about a foot in diameter, with a crown of from sixteen to twenty great leaves. You may imagine what a sight a coconut palm is, when I tell you that these leaves are from twelve to twenty feet in length. They are so large that the natives use the midrib of the leaves for oars and other implements. The fruit grows in clusters among the leaves.

Natives Gathering Coconuts

"As the tree grows on the coast the fruit is often gathered onto rafts. Then the natives steer the rafts along the stream to the markets and the coconuts are sent to northern countries."

"On the coasts of India and on the shores of the South Sea Islands, thousands of coconut trees have been growing. People found out how useful they were, and they have planted them by the hundred in the United States, in South America and on the shores of all tropical countries."

"What are they used for?" questioned Jerry with a rush. He had been waiting patiently (for him) to ask his uncle this question.

"The natives of these tropical countries like the milk, which is a refreshing drink. It is best when the nut is green. The pulp, or fruit, is an important article of food to them—either ripe or green. A cabbagelike bud which grows at the top of the tree, they boil and eat like we do our greens. It is not bad either, for I have eaten it in India."

Jerry's eyes grew almost black with excitement. But he did not speak, fearing to stop his uncle.

"The sap of the tree is made into a native wine; the coconut oil or butter pressed from

the fruit part is used for making soap, candles, and other products. The leaves are dried to thatch the native huts. From the fibers or veins of the leaves, cords, baskets, sacks and other things are made; while the fibers you see here wound around the husk of the fruit are woven into mats. The shells and wood also are useful—the shells make fine cups, ladles and other dishes, and the wood of the lower part of the tree polishes beautifully. It is made into boats and buildings.

"You see now that what I said at first is true: the coconut is one of the most useful things in the world."

"Will you try again to crack it?" asked Jerry eagerly. "I know we will enjoy it more now."

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM

"Is it a fruit or a vegetable?" teased Uncle John, as he passed the dish of cranberry jelly to Jerry

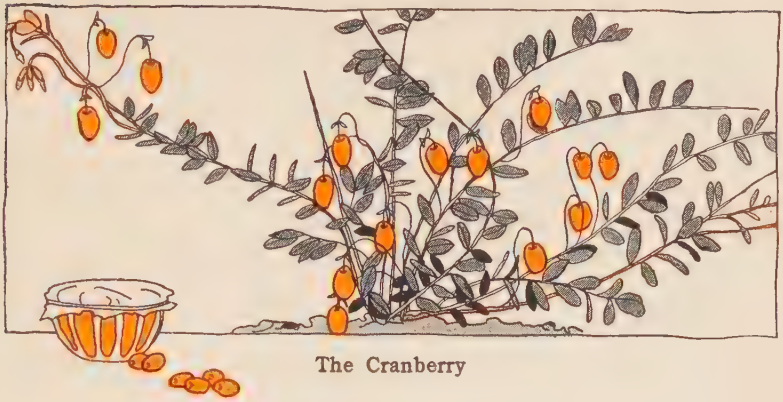
"I don't know," answered Jerry. "It's good, anyway, and I like it," he added, helping himself to a generous spoonful of the jelly.

His grandfather laughed. "You'd better tell him, John. His education seems to have been neglected." He turned to Jerry's mother as he spoke.

She shook her head at him. "No, it hasn't," she answered. "Jerry knows a great deal about the different kinds of fruits."

After the remainder of the Thanksgiving dinner had been cleared away, and the older folks had gathered around the open fire, Uncle John called the twins and said: "Your cheeks are quite pale. Let us go for a walk, and I will tell you something about the cranberry."

"Oh, goody!" they cried. So, after they had



The Cranberry

donned their warm outdoor wraps, they set out for a walk, Barney, the collie, frisking beside them.

"You helped Mother get them ready for the jelly," began Uncle John, "so you know that they are a little cherrylike, red berry."

"They're sour, too," interrupted Jenny.

Jenny had tasted one first, and then wouldn't eat any of the jelly.

"This little berry grows on a trailing vine, and is always found in marsh or swamp lands," continued her uncle, ignoring the slight interruption.

"It is an evergreen plant, with small, round

leaves. It has little white flowers. The fruit grows in the fall on slender stems, curved like the neck of a crane."

"Oh, so that's where they get their name?" questioned Jerry with interest.

His uncle smiled patiently. "Yes, that is where the name comes from. It was first called crane-berry, and later the name was shortened to cranberry.

"There are two kinds: the small and the large berry. The cranberry was originally found in America and Europe, but it is now cultivated extensively in the United States. It grows on low, wet ground, which is drained so that the water will be about one foot below the surface in the growing season. In winter the ground is flooded. Cranberries grow on a high or low bush, but the high-bush variety is very sour, and there is little market for it. The low-bush kind is called the cowberry or wolfberry, and is not very much liked either."

"Tell us some more," said Jenny, as Uncle John stopped talking.

"I don't think there is any more to tell," answered Uncle John, smiling down at her.

Jenny laughed mischievously. "Is it a fruit or a vegetable, Uncle?"

"I'm caught. I really don't know, but I think it is fruit," he answered. "But never mind. Let's race home to Grandfather, and you can ask him."

Uncle John set off at a lively run, followed by Jerry, Jenny and Barney.

"It is a fruit, of course," said Grandfather, when the question was put to him.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

It was Mother's birthday night! By some strange happening it was the twins' birthday night as well. So every year the Lancaster family held a big double party on that night. The twins' party first, from five to nine o'clock; their mother's party after that.

Nine o'clock had come; the games had been played, the songs sung, the dainty tea with its big birthday cake eaten, and the strings of the "lucky pie" pulled. Now the children sat around the fireplace in a half circle, eagerly waiting for Uncle Fred to tell them the bedtime story he had promised. Later on the older folks would enjoy their festivities, and the now quiet rooms would echo to the sound of music and dancing.

"You wouldn't think," said he, glancing at the eager, fire-lit faces around him, "that mummy's dress was the indirect product of a fruit tree."

"It wasn't," said Jenny. "It is silk."

A glance at her mother's face made her hang her head in shame.

"You mustn't contradict, Jenny," her mother said very seriously.

"You are right, of course," replied her uncle. "Yet unless the caterpillar that made the cocoon that gave us the silk had the leaves of the mulberry tree to feed upon, we would have no silk!"

"I knew silk was made by silkworms," said Jerry proudly, as Jenny still hung her head.

"Thousands of years ago the Chinese discovered that little caterpillars lived upon the leaves of the mulberry tree," Mother went on. "Before a caterpillar turns into a moth, as you know, it spins a little cradle for itself to sleep in. This little cradle is called a cocoon. The cocoons are made of silk. When unwound the silk can be woven into silk fabrics.

"So you see that the Chinese made silk ages ago and other nations learned from them the secret. The Persians were the first to cultivate silk worms from eggs brought from China. This

The White Mulberry That Silk Worms Like Best

was hundreds of years after the Chinese had learned the secret of the silk worms. Two Persians who lived in Constantinople learned it from the Chinese and brought the eggs of the silk worm which they had obtained in China, to their Emperor. From these eggs were hatched all the silk worms of Europe. The mulberry tree was native to Persia, so the Persians had no trouble in getting the right food for the silk worms.

"It is the leaves of the white mulberry that the silk worms like best. The fruit of this tree is not

so fine in flavor as that of the black or the red mulberry.

"Mulberry trees are plentiful in Europe, but not in the United States. That is why the silk industry does not flourish here as it does in the Old World.

"The fruit of the mulberry is wholesome and pleasant to taste. It is improved by cooking with other fruit of more tart flavor. The black mulberry is a small tree of bushy growth, with heart-shaped leaves. The fruit is purplish black, with dark red juice, slightly acid, and very sweet. The cultivated red mulberry has a sweet, purple-red berry. The tree may reach a height of sixty or seventy feet. Its wood is valuable for building purposes.

"Then there is the paper mulberry which grows in India, Japan and some of the islands in the Pacific. It has various uses. The birds feed on the berries, while the inner bark is used by the Japanese to make paper. The tribes of the Pacific Islands use this soft inner bark to make garments."

Uncle Fred paused and smiled at Mrs. Lancaster. Jerry, worn out with the excitement of the day and the two weeks of joyful anticipation, was fast asleep.

"I'll carry him upstairs," whispered his uncle.

Jerry murmured sleepily as his uncle climbed the stairs, "Will you finish it in the morning, Uncle Fred?"

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